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William L. Shirer, author of "End of a Berlin Diary." (See page 9)

If We Could Start a Newspaper...

By 9 NIEMAN FELLOWS

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 39, September 27, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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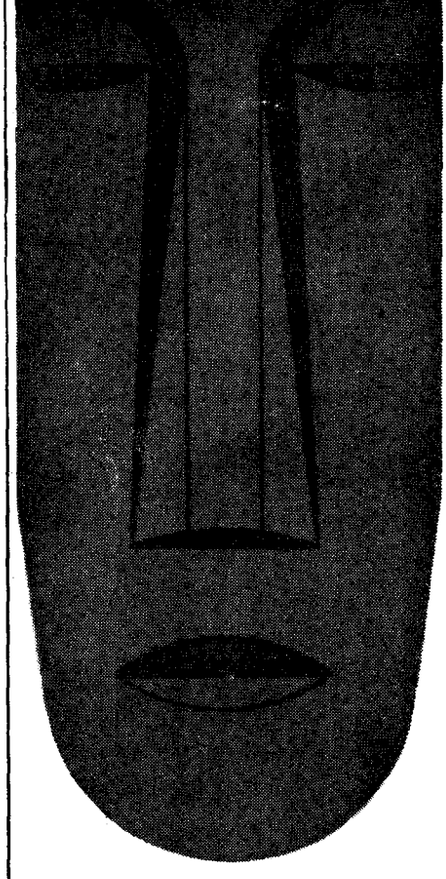
GOD is for WHITE folks

by WILL THOMAS



Beau Beauchamp was neither black nor white — he was an intelligent, educated *nothing*, living in the South where you had to be *something*, and where that something was white. And this is the hard, tough, angry story of Beau's struggle against the coldness of his disdainful white father; against the hatred of his mother's people; and against the brutality of a bigoted world that refused him even the privilege of possessing Elisse, the girl he loved. An outstanding new novel written on a high dramatic plane that lifts it from the social document to a story of deep emotional impact.

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TRADE Winds

WHEN PUBLISHER Anthony Bump arranged by telephone to lunch with Brashfort the literary agent, they met by common consent at the Ritz Grill. Bump liked the seclusion and quiet of the place—and the comforting knowledge that there were never more than seven competitors close enough to overhear him. Sometimes he was almost half-way back to his office before Johnny Hutchens and Roger Linscott had typed out the details of his secret negotiations for their respective columns in *The Times* and *Tribune*.

Brashfort was the hearty, high-powered type, with no conspicuous talent for understatement. An opposing attorney in a plagiarism suit once tried a lie detector on him. Brashfort emerged unscathed, but it cost three hundred dollars to repair the lie detector.

"I'm giving you first crack at a hot number," Brashfort told Bump as soon as they were seated. "Some major book club is bound to go for it. It's called 'I Too Broke with F.D.R.' The author is third assistant consul at Pizitz."

"When did he ever know F.D.R.?" asked Bump suspiciously.

"He didn't," conceded Brashfort, "but F.D.R. once glared at him in a newsreel."

"Any chance of meeting the fellow?" Bump inquired. "I'd like to decide for myself if he's on the level."

Brashfort was outraged. "Bump," he said, "I consider that a slur on me, my client, and my client's ghost. I never allow my clients to meet their publishers. What if they got to be friends?"

"Any foreign or pic rights included in the deal?" pursued Bump.

"My dear fellow," said Brashfort, shaking his head, "you make things very difficult for me. I'm almost sorry I came to you first with this. I should have taken it to Humperdinck. Humperdinck never brings up things like that. He always gives a straight twenty per cent royalty, and he puts in an advertising guarantee, too. Why, he never even asks to read the manuscripts!"

"I hear Humperdinck went bankrupt yesterday," Bump interrupted mildly.

"You don't say," said Brashfort. "I wonder what brought that about!"

At this moment, Ken McCormick, of Doubleday, brushed by, and winked at Tony Bump. "Hi, Brashfort," he remarked cheerily. "Have you found a sucker yet for that consul from Pizitz?"

Brashfort suddenly found it necessary to talk to a young lady at the far end of the room. "Back in a minute," he threw over his shoulder, and waved jovially at Harry Scherman and Meredith Wood, neither of whom appeared to see him.

Bump passed the time pleasantly enough, eavesdropping on a publisher from Forty-Eighth Street who was trying to lure an important author away from a publisher on Forty-Seventh Street. He was toying with his *pot au creme* by the time Brashfort bustled back to the table. "Sorry, old man," the agent apologized. "Bit of fluff I met at Beaverbrook's in Sussex one week end. I couldn't be rude to her. But to get back to the F.D.R. manuscript. I don't want to be arbitrary about it. I'm off myself tonight for an eleven-month holiday, but suppose I have my secretary bring round a two-page outline if she can find it. Take plenty of time with it—twenty-four hours if necessary—and then if you like it, we can settle on a purely nominal advance of twenty thousand or so."

"Brashfort," said Anthony Bump as he rose from the table, "I must tell you of a rather quaint decision we made at our editorial conference this morning. From now on, we're not going to sign up any book unless we can see at least half of the completed manuscript. We're not going to pay any advance that can't be earned on a reasonable first printing. And above all, we are going to insist on a fair share of the secondary rights."

"Have it your way," sighed Brashfort, "but don't be surprised if the agents stop offering you their most promising scripts. You're liable to find yourself whistling in the rain, old fellow."

They shook hands with a fine pretense of cordiality. "Arrogant ass," thought Bump. "I wish the publishers would get together on some kind of basic contract, and put an end to this degrading bickering." "Conceited popinjay," thought Brashfort, "I wish somebody would drop him in a vat of boiling oil."

There was about an equal chance of either of their wishes coming true. . . .

"So your book is on the best-seller lists . . . *now* what?"

BY WAY OF celebrating its one hundredth anniversary, the flourishing G. Fox and Company department store in Hartford has been staging a series of literary afternoons, and its six-hundred-seat auditorium has been filled to capacity for every one of them. The day I acted as master of ceremonies, the stars were Nancy Wilson Ross, Richard Lauterbach,

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"O.K., Pop, now tell us a story."

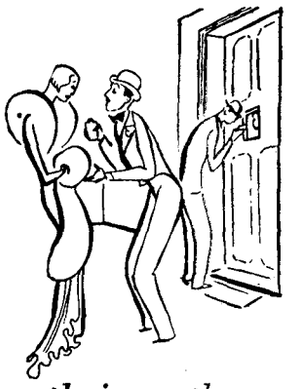
Maurice Hindus, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and, as a final pièce de résistance, the surprising and thoroughly disarming Nancy Bruff. Miss Bruff, author of such lusty fare as "The Manatee" and "Cider from Eden," is herself the kind of girl you find yourself supporting gently as she steps off a curbstone four inches high. "This is my very first speech from a lecture platform," she told her rapt audience. "At this sort of thing, if I may use the word, I'm a virgin." "Just like her heroines," whispered someone, "at least, up to page three or four." . . . Miss Ross, said by her publisher to have traveled all over the country in a trailer, was two hours late arriving from Worcester. On this day at least more than her left hand must have been dreaming. . . .

Not only the mammoth G. Fox and Company, but its chief competitor in Hartford, Brown Thomson, is owned and operated by a dynamic lady named Beatrice Fox Auerbach. On the side, she supervises a beautifully run foundation which she endowed with a whopping gift of six million dollars. Mrs. Auerbach brooks no opposition. She doesn't even recognize it. When she sails through her domain, even the steel girders tremble slightly. We all followed meekly in her wake, stopping especially to admire the spotless pharmaceutical department, which is patronized by the entire state of Connecticut. "Here," said Mrs. Auerbach, "is a special machine for rolling pills. Push the left lever and a white pill drops out. Push the right lever, and you get a brown one." She pushed sharply on the left lever—and a brown pill appeared! There was a moment of hushed silence, and then Hindus predicted, "Heads will roll because of this. I saw the same thing happen in the Kremlin."

Mrs. Auerbach's literary teas, generous advertising, and unflagging personal interest have made Fox's book department one of the finest in the country. The city boasts a half dozen other first-rate book stores, and there are fine literary sections in both the *Courant* and the *Times*. Publishers' representatives look forward to their stopover in Hartford. . . .

WHEN SINCLAIR LEWIS finished "Kingsblood Royal," he flew to Hollywood, and, by way of relaxation, put in several weeks on a screen adaptation of "Adam and Eve" for Producer Leo McCarey. Word of the intriguing venture got around, and one morning a famous star of the twenties, still dressing like an ingenue although she showed signs of cracking around the edges, applied for the role of Eve. McCarey eyed her sourly and commented, "It's true I'm going to do a new version of 'Adam and Eve'—but not with the original cast."

BENNETT CERF.



The moth is on the coonskin and the gin is legal now

. . . but even those of us too young to remember the password of a certain speak just off Sheridan Square will shake heads with a vicarious nostalgia (and a sly look at Father) at the mention of *that decade* . . . From the Left Bank to the Algonquin and Greenwich Village, a fabulous group of men and women talked and wrote during the twenties—and carved a glowing milestone in America's literary history.

BURTON RASCOE was part of all this—he not only lived and wrote and traveled and talked during that decade—he found it gay and exciting. And now he has written of it all in lively retrospect, which means a wonderfully intimate account of Sinclair Lewis, Ring Lardner, Otto Kahn, George Gershwin, Ernest Hemingway, T. S. Eliot, Joseph Conrad, Gilda Gray, Theodore Dreiser and—well they're all here.

The age of prohibition will long be the subject of reminiscences. It was the age of cloche hats and Capone, rum-runners and expatriates, Hemingway and hot jazz and F. Scott You-know-who. But few books will be written from as intimate a view, and with such lively wit as this latest by the author of *Before I Forget.*

We Were Interrupted

by Burton Rascoe

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DOUBLEDAY

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EXTRA!! SPECIAL!!

ONE OF our extra special friends, when we were roommates at the university, told us of a little incident that has stayed live in our memory. When he was eight or nine, our roommate was a newsboy; and on a particularly bad day, after he had trudged the streets for hours without finding anyone to buy that last paper, he suddenly had an intuition about people. Turning the corner onto a fresh new street, he began shouting, "EXTRA!! EXTRA!!"

A rotund jolly man rushed up to him immediately to buy it. "What's the Extra about?" the man asked, fumbling for change.

"It isn't about anything," said our little roommate. "It's just an extra newspaper."

The man thought it such a fine joke on himself that he was quite as pleased as if there had been an earthquake or another war. "You will go far, my little man," he said, patting our roommate on the head and tipping him a dime.

Our roommate, now a very successful lawyer, lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan, with his wife and two lovely daughters. The three of them are out of this world, too.

We recall another incident, but this one happened to us when *we* were eight or nine. On a lovely, golden, memorable day, about this time of year, we were taken to the State Fair; and during that one day we saw enough people and things to last us a solid year.

The person we remember particularly was a barker on a high platform outside one of the Midway tents. He was a very natty figure, short and swarthy, gray pants pinched-in at the waist, striped blue-and-white pull-over shirt. He had a red-and-blue tattooed mermaid on the upper part of his right forearm and a dark mole under his left eye.

We stood listening a long time. "THIS way, THIS way, ladeez an' gentlemun . . . Step right inside an' see the Fair's most EXTRAORDINARY, most SPECIAL attraction — the REE-gal GOLDEN PIE-thon . . . She is THIRTY-FIVE feet LONG an' weighs FOUR HUNDERT an' TEN pounds . . . Step right up, ladeez an' gentlemun . . . ten cents a throw . . . Come see THE ONLY ONE in captivi-TEE — the REE-gal GOLDEN PIE-thon . . . How she LIVES . . . how she LOVES, very mysterious, very mystic . . . EVERYTHING explained . . . THIS way, THIS way, ten cents a throw . . ."

We didn't get to see the Regal Golden Python that day nor did we have everything explained, being whisked off by the hand down the bright Midway, but we looked back longingly because it sounded to us then as though that barker had something quite special. Maybe it is just as well that the fine edge of remembrance was not taken off the day.

At least we have retained all our days a healthy inquisitiveness about what goes on in the world outside our skin. We have retained also a reserve of curiosity concerning the way in which are recorded the memorabilia enacted around the round world, beyond our own love, laughter, and tears.

Joseph G. Herzberg, city editor of *The New York Herald Tribune*, and twenty-eight of his colleagues have written a book called LATE CITY EDITION which goes a long way toward satisfying that curiosity. It tells how a big city newspaper converts the raw material of news into the finished product that appears daily on the newsstand. LATE CITY EDITION is newspaper shoptalk by twenty-nine journalists, each writing about that aspect of the intricate operation which he knows best.

Quite frankly we like this book. We like its organization, beginning as it does with the primary job of collecting the news and working gradually to the mechanics of its final co-ordination. We like especially the ease and orderliness with which the whole complicated process is unfolded. We like the lively way the keeper of the morgue opens his chapter on the reference library: "I am burgeoning like a flower. A book about the newspaper business, with a chapter about the library? And the librarian himself to write it? It's the millennium, and I plan to file it, accordingly, under 'M'." We like the lightness of touch with which a reporter is defined in the chapter on news writing: "He is male and female, and young and old, and he works twenty-four days a day, including Sunday, cranking out his short-lived wares — hot stuff today, shelf paper tomorrow." We like the urbane informality that enables a man to say: "A modern newspaper is Thucydides sweating to make a deadline. From the Broadway night clubs and from strange places thousands of miles away, the stories come in side by side; the world is measured off once in twenty-four hours, and one who drops a coin on a newsstand and picks up a paper buys a piece of himself each day."

LATE CITY EDITION is a warm first-hand account of the journalist's world. It is also a book by experts on a medium of communication that records and shapes our life and our world. So far as we have been able to determine there is no other book of its sort in existence. Admittedly it is not thirty-five feet long nor does it weigh four hundred and ten pounds, but no one can accuse us of barking at a fair — or being intuitive — when we say frankly that LATE CITY EDITION is really something very extra special.

LATE CITY EDITION

By Joseph G. Herzberg and members of *The New York Herald Tribune* staff.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Two years ago, Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, of Harvard, suggested to a group of Nieman Fellows gathered at his home for traditional tea that they collaborate on a book while increasing their education in the interests of journalism. The idea was tantalizing—as always—but they agreed they didn't want to write just any book, and the conversation drifted into shop talk. A few days later, a zoology professor challenged them to project a model newspaper. They had the experience to do it, he observed. Leon Svirsky, an associate editor of *Time,* has been a newspaperman for twenty years. There were also James Batal, former owner of the weekly *Cleghorn Courier* of Fitchburg, Mass.; Charlotte Robling, formerly of the AP in Chicago and now lecturer in journalism at Drake University; Arthur Hepner, labor and economics reporter on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch;* Frank Hewlett, who was UP war correspondent in the Far East; Frank Kelly, short story writer and erstwhile combat correspondent for the *Kansas City Star*; Mary Ellen Leary, political editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal;* Ben Yablonsky, *PM* staff writer and instructor in journalism at New York University.

Their talent and character were attested to by the Nieman committee, which since 1938 has been annually weeding out candidates for the scholarships established by the widow of *Milwaukee Journal*-founder Lucius W. Nieman. Selectees—the number varies—may choose their courses *carte blanche,* and the 1945-46 Fellows, here concerned, were no exception. But they were dissatisfied, worried that the American press is in the hands of the big fellows, convinced that in a democracy it should be representative of the community as a whole. They were courageous enough to hazard their employers' displeasure. They decided to write the book.

A blueprint was sketched under the direction of Louis Lyons, curator of the Nieman Foundation, and assisted by a special board of consultants, including Mrs. Ogden Reid, publisher of the *New York Herald Tribune;* Mark Ethridge, publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal;* Ralph Ingersoll, then editor of *PM;* Professor Ralph Barton Perry, of Harvard, and Archibald MacLeish, former Assistant Secretary of State. Leading editors and publishers invited to their fortnightly Nieman dinners were quizzed. The actual book, parceled out by chapters to each of the nine authors by Chairman Svirsky, was completed almost simultaneously, with everyone turning in their assignments somewhat belatedly the same week end. They debated and weighed every proposal and word. Then Mr. Svirsky edited the volume, substantiating it with facts and figures. The book "Your Newspaper" is iconoclastic, but practicable. Macmillan will publish it this fall. A preview chapter follows.

If We Could Start a Newspaper...

By 9 NIEMAN FELLOWS

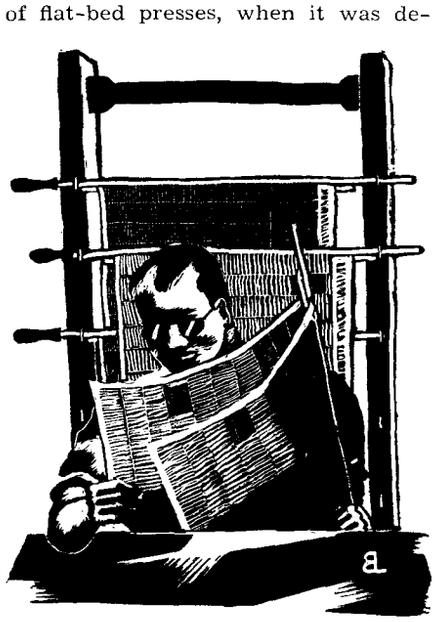
IT IS a risky business to try to draw a blueprint for an ideal newspaper. Any plan that plunges off the beaten path is bound to look more or less Utopian. There is also a danger that a blueprint may be misinterpreted as a general formula, applicable to any question.

It is not our intention to suggest a general formula. On the contrary, we think that more variety and experimenting is one of the crying needs of the press. A newspaper ought to be shaped by its own unique situation —the size, and character of its community, the special abilities of its staff, the imagination of its editor. But for purposes of illustration, let's consider a specific case. The rough blueprint here to be outlined is intended to describe a hypothetical daily in a certain hypothetical city.

We assume a lively metropolitan area of about 1,500,000 population (like, say, San Francisco). Our hypothetical city has a symphony orchestra, a theatre, several colleges and universities, large industries, three competing newspapers (including ours). The paper we propose is a morning daily, published seven days a week, aiming at a daily circulation of about 250,000. We shall try to describe, in a general way, the paper's appearance, content, staff, and some of its financial problems.

Format

The first thing to consider is making the paper convenient to read. The standard-sized newspaper certainly cannot be accused of being convenient. The unwieldy eight-column sheet, which admittedly is a dangerous thing to open in a subway or in a breeze, is a holdover from the days of flat-bed presses, when it was desirable to crowd as much reading matter as possible on a page which could be printed at a single stroke. With modern rotary presses, this is no longer necessary. Another reason why publishers stick to the large-size page is that it makes possible bigger ads and hence (they believe) brings in more money. The person who is forgotten is the reader.



The ideal would be a small paper fitting in the hand like a magazine, with pages stapled together so that the paper wouldn't turn into garbage when dropped. But some compromise must be made between ease in turning pages and attractive display of news, pictures, and ads.

The paper we suggest would have a six- or seven-column page, intermediate in size between the present full-size paper and a tabloid (we were not unanimous on this; two held out for the standard size and three for the tabloid). It would be printed in larger, easier-to-read type. (The present small print is looked on fondly by printers and publishers and hardly anybody else.) As far as possible, stories started on the front page would end there, eliminating the necessity of jumping to an inside page to finish the story (which readers seldom do). To do this, we would have stories

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written more compactly and sharply and would use a horizontal make-up; that is, instead of running a story straight down the page, we would square it off under a head spread across several columns. If a story was so long and so important that it couldn't be trimmed to stay within its front-page space, readers would be referred to further details on an inside page, where, either by a continuation of the story or in a separate supplementary article, the full picture would be filled in.

We would avoid big streamer headlines at the top of page 1 except on really tremendous stories. The practice of the *New York Herald Tribune* and *Times*, which in normal times do not use a full eight-column headline more than a dozen times a year, seems a good model to follow.

Headlines would be allowed more flexibility; the horizontal make-up would help headline writers get away from hackneyed words like "solon," "plot," "looms," "blasts," "voids," etc. When a story defied summary in a headline (*e.g.*, certain feature stories), we would not hesitate to use a provocative title instead.

THE FRONT page would carry the most interesting and important stories of the day, whether in international or local news, science, sports, the theatre or whatnot. We would not try to cram the page with a great number of stories; a few really good ones would encourage reading instead of scanning. The front page would also carry a column of comment on the news, at least one picture or other illustration, and a page index to departments inside the paper.

The inside pages, and as far as possible the front page, would be departmentalized, so that readers could easily find the news they wanted to read first. This would mean grouping stories under a label—international, national, local, and so on. The daily departments would include Sports, Science, Education, Theatre, Music, Movies, Books, Radio, Press, Woman's Page, Editorials, Letters, Business, perhaps one or two others; weekly departments would include Religion, Art, Houses, Gardening, Aviation, Automobiles, various other special interests and hobbies. Of course not all daily departments would necessarily be published every day; if there were no news, a department might occasionally be dropped. But each department would have an editor responsible for digging up news in his field.

Wherever it would add to attractiveness, as on the editorial page and in some feature departments, we would use magazine-type make-up, with wider columns and picture layouts.

As for the ads, they would be stacked neatly in a squared-off arrangement instead of the painfully familiar jigsaw pattern. This would make possible an orderly layout of news and pictures. The New York *Times* does it every Sunday on most of its pages, and virtually all magazines do it with great success. Nothing is more exasperating to a make-up editor than to be faced with an ad dummy, prepared by the advertising department, which leaves only awkward-shaped holes on each page into which to throw a few lines of news.

In short, we suggest a simple, functional format, designed to give the reader the news as quickly and conveniently as possible.

Content

What about the goods in the package? Let us say at once that this is not going to be a solemn newspaper. It will be as much fun to read as a good novel. It will not ignore crime, sex, or frivolity. It will even have comics (we would not part with the pixies and supermen), but half a dozen good strips, with an extra helping on Sundays, ought to be enough, and if they can be tucked away in the classified ad pages, so much the better.

The editorial money and skill available to our newspaper will be devoted primarily to producing brightly written, well-illustrated news. One of the first essentials of a good newspaper is good writing. We don't mean fancy writing. It should be clear and succinct, and whenever possible lightened by a sense of humor.

Most present newspaper writing is pompous, tasteless, inexcusably long-winded. We favor a more colloquial style, using short, vivid words and calling a spade a spade. Whenever possible a newspaper story should be told as a narrative, enriched by the physical and emotional setting. It should also make a point. Nothing is more discouraging to a reader than a story that pointlessly strings together a lot of undigested facts or assertions. Every story should have some central idea, fact, conclusion, or emotion, and drive it home as clearly as possible.

The news should be told, whenever feasible, in terms of people—those who make the news and those who read it. As to the former, the paper will try to sketch in each important newsmaking individual's character, motives, and orientation. A statesman who forms a foreign policy, or a scientist who makes some new discovery, is in a sense more interesting, and significant, than his policy or discovery. The statesman, for instance, representing a geographical section, a system of education, a class, an environment, a point of view, sums up in his own dramatic person the conflicts and influences that led to the policy. Explaining the man helps to explain the policy in human terms.

EXPLAINING the scientist, by the same token, helps to explain his discovery. He may, for example, have discovered something about body cells, itself of no immediate importance. But if one understands what the scientist is searching for, how he has made the search, and how far he has got in it, one sees not only a fascinating human story but the significance of his discovery. It may be a link in the chain of research that will eventually lead to the solution of cancer.

Descriptions should be specific and informative. For instance, if a Congressman with large real estate holdings demands the removal of rent ceilings, it is pertinent to note his specific interest in the matter; by the same token, a Congressman who denounces Wall Street to please his farmer constituents should be similarly identified. On the dog-bites-man principle, such a demand or denunciation will not be considered page 1 news in our paper if the individual is making it for the umpteenth time.

As for calling a spade a spade, here is a good example, from *Time* magazine: A Senate committee was considering the nomination of Gordon Clapp to succeed David Lilienthal as chairman of the TVA. *Time* reported: "A quiet, earnest career man, with reams of TVA statistics on the tip of his tongue, Clapp would have had easy

(*Continued on page* 28)

My Current Reading

SRL has asked a number of well-known public figures to report on their current reading—books they have just read, are reading now, or plan to read shortly. The present list was contributed by **William O. Douglas,** Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"A River Never Sleeps," by Roderick L. Haig-Brown

"Guarantee of Work and Wages," by Joseph Lyons Snider

"A Study of History," by Arnold J. Toynbee

"An Almanac for Moderns," by Daniel Curloss Peattie

"Why They Behave Like Russians," by John Fischer

"Taxation for Prosperity," by Randolph E. Paul

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The World.

While we've been looking the other way, the war has been quietly slipping back into history. Although not yet ready for the historians, it's now entering the biography and memoir stage. General Patton's "War As I Knew It," Ambassador Winant's "A Letter from Grosvenor Square," and "Admiral Halsey's Story" will be published this fall. Shirer's "End of a Berlin Diary" and General de Guingand's "Operation Victory," reviewed below, are both by men worth listening to. De Guingand's book—he was Chief of Staff to General Montgomery—may be read along with Alan Moorehead's recent "Montgomery," and as a possible balance wheel to Ralph Ingersoll's controversial "Top Secret," published last year. . . . If you're feeling a bit guilty about going along with the present "build-up-Germany" trend so soon after the end of the war, read Shirer, who follows the stylistic pattern of his phenomenally successful "Berlin Diary" of 1941.

Second Warning

END OF A BERLIN DIARY. By William L. Shirer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 369 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

AS RADIO commentator and author, Bill Shirer has been primarily important to the American people for one gift and one vital conviction.

The gift—possessed to the same degree by no other reporter except Ernie Pyle—is an ability to share experiences and impressions with ordinary people and thereby mold belief.

The conviction is the full horror of the contemporary German betrayal of civilization and the danger of a German triumph at any time.

Gift, conviction, and timeliness combined to make the publication of "Berlin Diary" an American event. Coming at a time when most Americans were hoping to avoid trouble, this book rendered an immense service.

Shirer's second book, "End of a Berlin Diary," may—if it is well read—render the equal service of preventing us from listening to the siren voices of those who would have us rebuild Germany either as the "key to European recovery" (which it is not) or as a "bulwark against bolshevism."

This new book consists of three parts, "Beginning of the Peace," "End of a Berlin Diary," and "Postscript."

The first is a fairly normal diary of a broadcaster's life in the United States and abroad during the last year of the war. It reveals Shirer as an orthodox American liberal. As such he believed:

That the United Nations is much superior to the former League of Nations (disproved by experience);

That the Yalta Agreements were the foundation for a better peace than in 1919;

That the Rockies are more impressive than the Alps and the Himalayas;

That the American delegation at San Francisco was woefully weak (and how!);

That it was a horrible blunder to admit Argentina to the new world organization;

That the United States should have remained in the position of mediator between Great Britain and Russia;

That the important choice facing our times is "progress" or "reaction" (rather than freedom or servitude).

The "Postscript," written in the spring of 1947, seems to me one of those unfortunate afterthoughts rendered necessary in a world where publishers push writers to hurry and then themselves dawdle along in bringing out their works.

"End of a Berlin Diary" is different. It is an impassioned plea to Americans not to forget in peacetime the salutary truths that we learned at such cost during the war. Written as the diary of a man who had writhed under the Nazis and returned to the beaten Fatherland, it is terribly convincing.

There is something frightening in the drift of the U.S.A. away from its wartime allies and toward reliance upon a restored Germany and a rehabilitated Japan as twin pillars of American security overseas. I leave Russia out of this because in that case the process of alienation did not start in the United States. As late as 1946 the American Government was still making concessions to Moscow and the vast majority of Americans wanted quite sincerely to continue cooperation with Russia into the peace.

But the United States authorities have been hardly more successful in maintaining the wartime partnership with Great Britain and with the liberated countries of Western Europe. Already we are planning such rosy

THE AUTHOR: William L. Shirer, back in his Beekman Place duplex from a summer at Lake Placid, has blacked out his October calendar in apprehension of a month's daily book reviewing for the *New York Herald Tribune*. "It will be good discipline," says Mr. Shirer, who has been coasting the past several months after a major operation. He'll lecture for two weeks in November; then off to his Litchfield, Conn., farm and a play he wants to complete by Christmas. Besides "Berlin Diary," he has written a previous play and novel about India. The latter "fortunately" was not published. He's convinced that "novels are the only thing if you are going to tell the story of our times," and plans to devote himself to fiction if he can manage to retire for the next five or six years. The past twenty-odd have been anything but retiring. After graduation from Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia., in 1925 (he's Chicago-born), he took a cattle boat to Europe, where, minus a honeymoon sabbatical on the Catalan coast and some time in Afghanistan and India, he worked through 1945 as foreign correspondent and European Bureau chief for the *Chicago Tribune*, UNS Berlin chief, and CBS Continental representative. He was broadcasting the Austrian *Anschluss* while his wife, a Viennese painter, was giving birth to their first of two daughters. He covered the War Crimes trials, San Francisco Conference, and UN meetings, then won the 1946 George Foster Peabody Award for "outstanding interpretation of the news" for the Columbia Broadcasting System. CBS discontinued his broadcast last April—possibly because of Wall Street and allied pressure, he believes. "My own deep feeling," he says, "is that what happened to me is only part of the general picture of intolerance in America." He's quiet, unpretentious, loves skiing, the theatre, ballet, symphonic and chamber music, plays the accordion and piano. A quarter of his fan mail praises him "for the wrong reasons." The Soviet Union? "Everyone in America should be forced to read Sir Bernard Pares's 'History of Russia'!"

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futures for occupied Germany and Japan that disgruntled Britons are savagely remarking that perhaps to keep America's friendship they should have declared war upon and been occupied by us. In that case, they hint sourly, a General MacArthur or a General Clay would have seen to it that they were adequately looked after, their industries rebuilt, their sins forgiven.

Mr. Shirer puts his feeling about the liberated countries in the form of a bitter entry in his diary:

> What stumps me, though, is that the Allies don't seem to give a damn about the liberated people, who are also cold and hungry, after having been deliberately starved (and frozen) by the German government for years. Shouldn't we help them first?

Like almost all Americans who really know Germany well, on his return visit Shirer discovered that:

The Germans are unrepentant and still Nazi at heart.

Beaten and bombed Germany could —if permitted—in five years become industrially stronger than in 1939.

Its present capacity of twenty-five million tons of steel annually is five times what it needs for peaceful use.

In 1945 Germany still had four million tons of machine tools on hand and a vast undamaged plant for producing more.

At the time he wrote, Shirer was still blissfully unaware of the Soviet desire to rebuild a strong, unified Germany as an ally of Russia. Thus he foolishly condemned the "so-called Truman Doctrine as an ill conceived and hastily concocted plan that aimed to stem Russian expansion and spread of communism by shelling out American dollars, American arms, and American 'personnel' in support of democracy everywhere." Apparently at the time he felt that a country like ours that did not leap to the defense of democracy when it was attacked by Hitler in 1939 could not possibly be sincere in defending it in 1947. Let us hope that he has now recovered from his "liberal" illusion.

But whatever he thinks of Soviet "democracy," one must agree that no disagreement with Russia would justify victorious America in rebuilding an unregenerate and still Nazi Germany to the point where, alone or as the tool of another power, it could launch a third assault upon civilization. The important thing today is that the Marshall Plan for the restoration of non-Soviet-controlled Europe shall succeed and that within it, German reconstruction be allotted a very minor part.

Politics aside, "End of a Berlin Diary" makes valuable contributions in two other fields. Shirer publishes captured German documents of the highest interest. He proves how early in Adolf Hitler's loathsome career, the Fuehrer decided on war; how his henchmen went along with him in aggression and wholesale murder almost to the last; how his death is almost sure; how Russia helped double-cross mankind in 1939; how in April 1941 Hitler promised Matsuoka to attack the United States without delay in case Japan got involved in a conflict with us, etc., etc.

Unforgettable too are some of the many German scenes Shirer describes so vividly. At the opening of the Nuremberg trial, he writes:

"This, then, is the climax! This is the moment you have been waiting for all these black despairing years."

As one who also waited thirteen years for the spectacle of those evil men before the Allied judges, I wish "End of a Berlin Diary" long legs.

Where Credit Is Due

OPERATION VICTORY. By Major General Sir Francis de Guingand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 488 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by FORREST C. POGUE

THIS book is noteworthy among recent war studies in giving credit to others for the work they did in winning the war. In the desert fighting, for example, the author points to the excellent work of General Auchinleck and his subordinates and comments, "It is the way of life that so little is heard of Eighth Army's successful offensive against Rommel *before* [italics are the author's] Montgomery took over command." On the matter of Salerno, he gives a balanced account of British aid to Fifth Army, saying "Some would like to think—I did at the time—that we helped, if not saved, the situation at Salerno. But now I doubt whether we influenced matters to any great extent. General Clark had everything under control *before* [italics are the author's] Eighth Army arrived."

This is not to say that the book is all "sweetness and light." General Guingand lashes out at the mixture of diplomacy and lack of military power in Greece which brought chaos and disaster, charging that the promises of support used by the British to sell the plan were little short of dishonest. Nor does he spare his chief. While no stronger statement has been published of the fighting qualities of Montgomery at El Alamein, in Tunis, and in Italy, and no better defense has been made of the Field Marshal's actions at Caen, than that of "Operation Victory," yet the book strikes heavily at the legend that if the Field Marshal had been given his head in September 1944 he would have ended the war before Christmas. On this question General Guingand declares, "I have always held the contrary view, and in the event, I am more than ever convinced I was right."

Champions of Viscount Montgomery will be pleased at the list of his strong points presented—willingness to accept responsibility, clarity of mind, ability to assess a man's true worth, dogged persistence, fairness in treatment of individuals, physical bravery. De Guingand speaks of Montgomery's supreme confidence in himself, noting his intolerance of contrary opinions which "has sometimes served him ill." In assessing the ability of his former chief as a field commander, the writer concludes that few men were his equal in a "big set-piece battle," but concedes that there was sometimes a lack of boldness in a fluid situation which resulted from the Field Marshal's dwindling manpower resources and his desire never to let his troops suffer a major defeat.

"Operation Victory" is sometimes weak because in his desire to be loyal to his chief and to be fair to both sides, General Guingand does not always speak with complete candor. Its strong point is not so much in the excellent eye-witness accounts of the war from 1939-45 when the General served as military assistant to Hore-Belisha, one of the joint planners for the Greek campaign, director of military intelligence for Auchinleck, and chief of staff of Eighth Army and 21st Army Group, but rather in the picture it gives of a soldier who, although frequently ill, contributed mightily to the planning of victory, managed main headquarters of 21st Army Group while his chief was forward with his armies, bearded Montgomery in his caravan in the interest of Allied unity, sought to understand both sides of an argument, and sold many of the plans of his chief to Americans and Britishers who had been angered by the "Master."

General Eisenhower's task of handling divergent personalities whose tempers were heated by sensational newspaper accounts and the flame of battle was made much simpler because General Guingand shared with the Supreme Commander—"a lovable, big-minded, and scrupulously honest soldier"—the conviction that the war was an Allied effort, instead of a national contest. In adopting the same breadth of view in his book, General Guingand has continued to contribute to Allied understanding.

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Fiction.

It's not impossible, of course, that an excitable character like Vincent van Gogh might have largely limited his dialogue to clichés that are as popular in our day as his—as quoted or imagined by his biographer, Mr. Irving Stone, in "Lust for Life." Maybe the then-radical expressions of Van Gogh's graphic art were just compensation for his labial limitations. In "The Pawn" (reviewed here) Bart Landheer's protagonist—also an irrational, emotional fellow bearing at least some resemblance to historical fact—gets, as a contrast, thoroughgoing psychological and metaphysical dissection. Both are interesting treatments of fictionized biography—but to different people. Longmans Green sold more than a half million copies of "Lust for Life," the Heritage Press edition is a collector's item, and Doubleday with still another edition reports it's going strong. Thanks to it, a lot of people took down their Maxfield Parrishes and nailed up "Sunflowers." Who knows what new friends for social progress Mr. Stone's latest book, "Adversary in the House," will make?

Debs Stoned

ADVERSARY IN THE HOUSE. By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 432 pp. $3.

Reviewed by FRED SMITH

AN INFORMATIVE book about Debs should be a remarkably timely event for at least four good reasons. His early attempts to awaken the working man to his plight and his opportunities were perhaps the genesis of Mr. Roosevelt's "forgotten man" thesis and, indeed, some of the most compelling of F.D.R.'s philosophy and phraseology is simply rewritten Debs. Second, Mr. Debs's trade-union movement experienced a cycle not too different from recent history: labor's prosperous New Deal years, the passage of the late Taft-Hartley bill, and the narrow squeak of John L. Lewis (but, of course, Eugene V. Debs didn't squeak through—he landed in jail). And, faced with frustration, Mr. Debs decided (exactly as our current labor leaders have determined) that the only real answer to job security lies in the organization of the working man into an irresistible political force. To him, the way out seemed to be socialism, which philosophy is only now getting its trial by fire, in Britain.

Third, Mr. Debs brushed with the law over his conviction that the common people of the world should refuse to fight World War I: and, as we read about it, the common people of the world are wondering why they fought World War II, and whether they are soon going to have No. III on their hands.

And, finally, the way in which the well-heeled opposition to Mr. Debs attempted to brush off his influence and stamp out its reaction, the manner in which they tried to resolve their problems and salve their consciences by jailing and discrediting (mostly among themselves) this popular leader, should prove once again that money, courts, job security, and political power can intimidate people but won't change their minds at all.

Thus, an understanding, penetrating book about Eugene V. Debs might serve a real purpose, in today's confused world. It is with great disappointment, therefore, that we have to report that this is not that book. In fairness to Mr. Stone, however, it should be pointed out that probably he had no intention of making it that book. Presumably he wanted to write a readable, popular, and interesting book about a fascinating character, and in that he has succeeded. "Adversary in the House" is good reading. It is not, in any sense, a vehicle for the propagation of the faith; it has no boresome discussions of trade unionism or socialism. The reader has not even a fleeting desire to become a Socialist or even a trade unionist, as a result of which trade unions and Socialists may not be happy about Stone's book. Nor, for that matter, will the avid reader of biographies, because it is impossible to determine what parts are biographical and what are fiction.

The book starts with Eugene Debs, the older son of a happy Alsatian-American family, presiding over the Occidental Club, which brings to Terre Haute, Indiana, such strange people as Robert Ingersoll and Susan B. Anthony. Working in a wholesale grocery house by day, his heart and spare moments go into the creation of a railroad firemen's union local. In this, he is aided and abetted by a neighbor girl, Gloria, whom he never quite wishes to marry until, with some reluctance, she marries a Chicago attorney to keep from becoming a twenty-year-old spinster. In one of the impossible twists in the book, this attorney eventually sends an older but no wiser Debs to jail.

In working with common men, Gene soon discovers that fear is the dominant emotion of mankind, and this discovery is possibly the driving force of his life.

Probably Irving Stone had no intention of writing "an understanding, penetrating book about Eugene V. Debs."

As a young man, he had an opportunity to become the partner of an older, wealthy man, in an exceedingly promising business enterprise; but he refused, for his only interest lay in organizing against fear and oppression.

And then he met Kate Metzel, who told him:

> I am an attractive young woman, and you are an attractive young man. We both live in Terre Haute. I am a superior creature and you are a superior creature. Both of us will rise high in the world and become important . . . meanwhile it is pleasant to hear you tell me of your work; work which you and I know very well will bring you great success and achieve everything you want, for you are too superior a person to fail. As one superior person to another, I like you for this.

But Kate, who was reared on the wrong side of her social ambitions, does not long like "his work." She tries desperately to lure him out of his chosen field, to make a practical man out of him. But Debs avoids the practical because it doesn't interest him; he believes that the Brotherhood of Man can somehow conquer all evil.

His conversion to socialism in jail indicates that his sales resistance was subject to collapse before the onslaught of a good speech. Up until then his defense of the capitalistic system, for all its transgressions, reads like a political speech for Bob Taft. His brushes with the brass hats of capitalism had convinced even him only (after being crossed up with what he believed to be unfair administration of the law) that workers should have their own party, elect their own Congressmen, put through favorable legislation, and oversee the people's proper representation in the Federal courts.

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When he told Kate he was now a Socialist, she collapsed and failed to come around for a couple of days. But Gloria, her husband now dead, becomes a staunch ally who handles details for Gene while he organizes the Socialist Party and carries on his campaigns for the Presidency. Not until the last few pages of the book does Kate become—even momentarily—concerned about this other-woman situation, which is, in spite of Stone's protestations that it is all very harmless, likely to concern the reader pretty steadily throughout the book.

The climax comes with Germany's declaration of war in Europe. Kate, who has kept Gene's friends out of the elaborate house she built (by shrewdly parlaying Gene's meager income into a small fortune) because—literally—they might track up the carpets, now opens her spotless doors wide and operates a social and ultra-patriotic center for friends of the fatherland, even those without money or standing; and while Gene preaches pacifism and blasts German aggression, Kate paves the way in Terre Haute for what she firmly believes will be the eventual conquest of the world by Germany. Through it all, however, the Debs remain married and, in their own special way, in love.

"Adversary in the House," like Mr. Stone's previous books, may find a ready, enthusiastic audience; and the importance of the subject, along with the wail of disappointed people, might even get it high on the best-seller lists.

Long, Long Thoughts

SO DEAR TO MY HEART. By Sterling North. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1947. 255 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. NORTH has taken his title from a fine nostalgic line familiar to us all. If you will remember also another line of equal potency, from Longfellow's "My Lost Youth": "And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," you will have approximated the tone of the book. Not to equivocate—it is a beautiful book. It gave me a rare, sustained pleasure in the reading of it, and it left with me a lingering aftersense of a vanished glory miraculously recaptured, that I think I shall remember. There was another book that performed the same miracle, with which this one must quite naturally be ranked. Not that we have "The Yearling" done over again in the same way; this is another time, another place, another mood. The books must be bracketed because Mr. North too has dipped unerringly and with precise knowledge, as Mrs. Rawlings did, into the purest depths of a boy's heart. Whether he can remember better than most of us the quality of those long, long thoughts, or whether he can wave away more easily the sullying preoccupations of maturity that come between, the fact is that he has been able to set down the wonder of the beginnings of knowledge—of comradeship and love and pain and hope and self-discovery—with the freshness of that wonder in his writing.

The time is 1903. The place is Pumpkin Hollow, in Fulton Corners, in Pike County, in Indiana. Here lives the boy Jeremiah Kincaid, with his Granny Samantha and his Uncle Hiram. He tends the sheep in the field, he sits at the railroad station with the men and sees Old 99 go through. He goes fishing with Uncle Hiram, fights for the Big One, joins in the singing of "Sourwood Mountain" and "Old Dan Tucker." He helps at lambing time and sits by at weaving, while Granny Samantha improvises constantly upon the long ballad into which she weaves Biblical and Kincaid history both, to the hammer of old rhythms, and after each stanza the marvelous refrain:

Faith, faith,
You gotter have faith.
The Good Book saith
You gotter have faith . . .

The story rings with music everywhere; it is itself a kind of prose ballad of backwoods Indiana, merry with a gnarly humor, rapturous with devotion to the teachings of the Good Book. And there is Jeremiah's Danny, a little black ram that is his own pet and friend and responsibility. (Here, of course, "The Yearling" bows in most insistently.) Jeremiah loses Danny, and in the finding of him he wanders across the wide, forbidden Tarleton territory, in woods thick and fearful with storm, learning also much he had never known about his own mysterious beginnings. There is the dubious touch of cryptic-romanticism here, the book's one gesture at narrative thread, and a fault if I had to find one.

—From "So Dear to My Heart."

But it signifies nothing, and is washed quite away in mirth and song, dust of road, clamor of county fair, folk-talk unspoiled with learning, part Bible, part Elizabethan, "feisty and fractious" as Samantha says. And a book equally unspoiled, dewy as the morning.

Fanaticism's Spiral

THE HERETICS. By Humphrey Slater. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 210 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

AMONG the millions of war veterans the world over, probably no single group is more deeply engrossed still with its experiences than the comparatively small, heterogeneous brotherhood of men who volunteered to fight with the Spanish Loyalists in their Civil War. Mr. Slater is one of them. His present book is an addition to the impressive number of passionate, wise, and brilliant volumes that have, in different tongues, come out of the battles and the disillusions of the International Brigade.

Mr. Slater tells the story of three young English scientists—Elizabeth, her brother Paul, and their friend Simon—who, more or less by accident, are caught in the conflict, and, as it grows, caught by the intestine strife within the ranks of the Republican and Socialist fighters and their intransigent Russian advisers. In the end Simon betrays Paul, the non-conformist. Together with its ruthless methods, the One and Infallible Socialism of Moscow appears to Simon as "something mystically superior to real individuals." At the same time Elizabeth's life is nearly ruined through her affair with a well-born Spanish staff officer whom mere ambition has thrown into the Loyalist camp, and who salvages his patriotism and his professional self-respect out of war and defeat as good as untouched by the ideological Armageddon that has been raging about him.

You have to go back to "A Farewell to Arms" to find a war story about love as credible, as poignant, as tender, and yet as matter-of-factly told as that of Elizabeth and her colonel. Nor do I know of any piece of fiction which unfolds a clearer picture of the many-cornered Spanish struggle. Mr. Slater writes beautifully in that urbane manner which suc-

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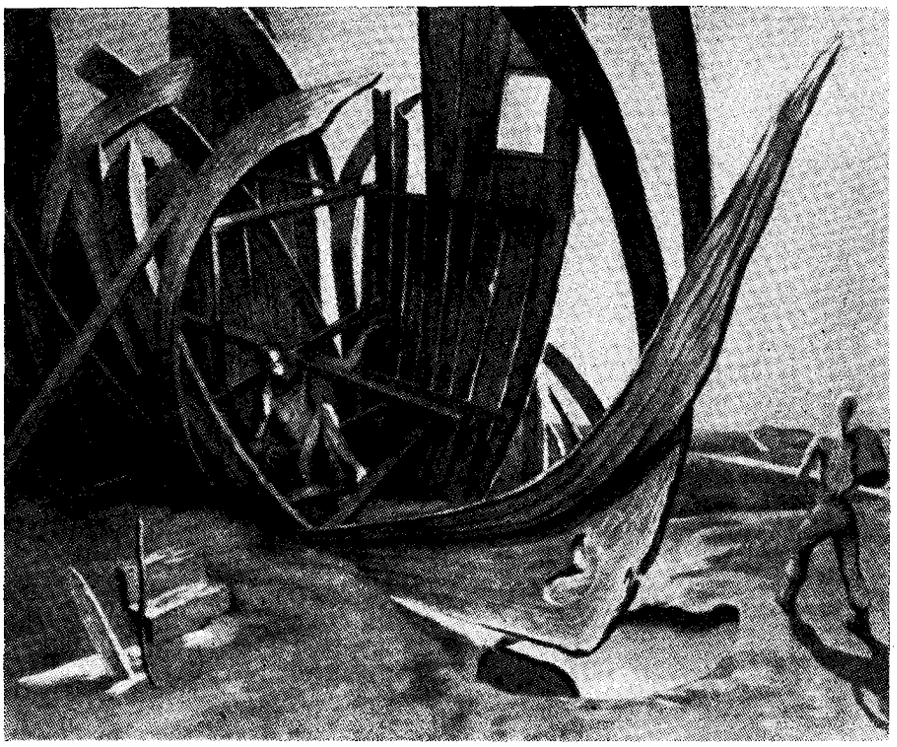
ceeds in presenting the subtle as well as the crude and horrorous with provoking detachment.

He is, to be sure, not the first to liken orthodox Stalinism to the so-called realism of the medieval Church. The Kremlin's maniacal enmity toward non-conformist Socialists (or "Nominalists," by way of this author's historical simile) has indeed many of the characteristics of the religious fanaticism of the twelfth century. Still I am not sure it was an altogether happy thought which made Mr. Slater preface his Spanish Civil War tale by another story—of nearly the same length—evoking the memory of the blood-stained Albigensian policies of Innocent the Third, and the pathetic Children's Crusade—which, as he sees it, was organized to extirpate the last vestiges of the heresy and at once rid the countryside of the stray children left in the wake of the extermination campaign. (That last part of Mr. Slater's interpretation might, incidentally, not displease the materialistic Moscow historians.) Of itself, this curtain raiser—the tragedy of three Avignon children—is both a stirring story and a brilliant *tour de force*. But why tell it in this volume? History abounds in examples of the monstrous intolerance of fanatical orthodoxy. "Things," Mr. Slater says, "are happening . . . in endless spiral sequences." To single out two parts of that spiral rather truncates it.

But that reservation should not keep anyone from reading this book. Not much better reading is likely to be offered for quite some time.



—*From "Contemporary American Painting."*

Louis Guglielmi: "My 'Odyssey for Moderns' symbolizes a lost people crawling dreamlike through the rotted timbers of a beached hulk, to win the beachhead for tomorrow."

Jungle Madness

THE PAWN. By Bart Landheer. New York: Querido Inc. 1947. 251 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

HISTORY records that on February 27, 1933, the German Reichstag building in Berlin was found to be in flames. The fire was obviously the work of a number of incendiaries, but only one of them was seized, a young Dutchman named Marinus van der Lubbe. Papers in his pockets identified him as a Communist—as if he had wanted not to leave any doubt about his political credo. He confessed, but did not betray his accomplices. In court he gave the impression of imbecility, though many observers believed he was under the influence of some drug. He was sentenced to death and beheaded. Four other Communists also on trial, were acquitted. But the mass arrest of Communists had made Germany safe for Hitlerism.

Who had pulled the strings of this plot? We know that SA Fuehrer Ernst, who was purged in 1934 by the Nazis, admitted his guilt in his last will, adding that he had only followed orders of Goering and Goebbels. (The Nazis denied vehemently the authenticity of this document.) Had perhaps some smaller Nazi official, such as Graf Helldorf, police president of Berlin, instigated the fire? The mystery, equalled only by Hitler's death, has yet to be solved.

Now fiction has, I think for the first time, made use of it in "The Pawn," a novel by the Dutchman Bart Landheer. We are told by the publishers that Mr. Landheer wrote this unusual psychological study of a young, unbalanced idealist in English. As a first novel it is highly commendable for its imaginativeness. It is also quite startling in construction: while the book centers around young VanderLoeff, the middle part deals with a Dutch journalist who wants to help his fellow countryman in jail.

Mr. Landheer is hardly interested in revealing new facts about the Reichstag fire or the famous trial. He devotes only a few pages to it, showing that VanderLoeff (Van der Lubbe) was in a stupor most of the time, but recognized for a short moment one of the witnesses, Graf Trautman (Graf Helldorf), the police president of Berlin. Had he not met him when he came from his native Leyden to Germany on his "mission," to prove to the world that proletarian solidarity was not dead? At that time the Count had told him he hated Hitler. So did the Count's friend Fernholz (SA Fuehrer Ernst), who pretended to be a Socialist and revealed a plan to set the Reichstag aflame. Later he led VanderLoeff to a side entrance of the building where the gasoline and cotton had been prepared for arson. Now these men did not know him.

Mr. Landheer is less a story teller than an analytic explorer of the psychological process involved in the desperate act of a young man who is hopelessly lost in the jungle of twentieth-century existence. And also of the subconscious mind of another man who might have helped this lost soul were he not, like many others, not ready to sacrifice anything.

The last third of the short novel is one single Kafka-ish dream of the hero. He feels he has been beaten and is about to die, but also that he is alive, and he thinks: "Heaven, hell, peace and war, knowledge and ignorance, happiness and suffering might all blend into aspects of one thing: the same eternal flow of life." Perhaps his deed had not been in vain. It would arouse the world to fight tyranny. When he is taken from his cell, he stands silent and erect. He is very proud and ready to be shot.

"The Pawn" may puzzle many readers because it is neither pure fiction nor intended to be factual. But the connoisseur will not lay it down without being impressed by the author's brilliant metaphysical dissection of a misguided, irrational, and highly emotional, but in our days not altogether unusual, mind.

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Americana.

What strange freedoms our Bill of Rights has spawned! Take, for instance, The New Yorker's *exclusive, individual freedom to sneer at and otherwise plague their fellow countrymen. But they've made a success of it. Look at the crop of* New Yorker *collections which have appeared the last few months: Weidman's "The Captain's Tiger," Rovere's "Howe and Hummel," Winterich's "Another Day Another Dollar," Espey's "Tales Out of School," and now Hellman's "How to Disappear for an Hour," reviewed below. October will give us the magnificently sinister "Addams and Evil," a book of cartoons. . . . A more serious American freedom is the right to organize in defense of minorities. Mary White Ovington's story, reviewed here, is the story of the NAACP; it is one of great courage and conviction. . . . Louis Halle's distinguished review of Bedichek's nature book below brings to mind a charming anthology of country writings from all ages called "Countryman's Companion," coming soon from Harpers. We wonder if he has seen it.*

NAACP Fight

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN. By Mary White Ovington. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 307 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER

WHEN a small group of Negro and white Americans met in 1909 to make tangible and dynamic their dismay at the increasing race discrimination and the terrible epidemic of lynchings which were pock-marking the country, they were quite prepared to put their conviction in the place of their safety. They had all grown up during the post-Civil-War period when complete Negro emancipation had seemed a genuine possibility, and one, Oswald Garrison Villard, was the grandson of the great Abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, and another, Mary White Ovington, was to be called the Mother of the New Emancipation.

Miss Ovington's story "The Walls Came Tumbling Down" is the irresistible and imperative account not only of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People which emerged from the deliberations and ringing phrases of that small group, but also of the mores and shifting temper of the years between 1909 and 1946.

This is an heroic account told in the simplest of terms. Miss Ovington began as a well-to-do young woman who became a social worker because of her nose and eyes for facts and ended as an unabashed and sometimes unladylike fighter for human rights. She took her risks in the South when the newly empowered plantation owners lived with guns in their hands. When her small group met in 1909 to set up a legal and social basis from which to fight for the rapidly disfranchised Negro, her name was logically near the head of the list.

The conscience of the country, the legal force of powerful names, the social pressure of the conservatively middle-aged as well as the radically young, had to be mobilized and mobilized quickly. Villard, with prestige, fighting blood, and the ownership of a New York newspaper, the *Evening Post*, to support him; W. E. B. DuBois, one of the greatest scholars in the country and never unmindful of his militant Negro blood; Moorfield Storey, the eminent lawyer, struck from every angle, writing, speaking, dramatizing, making clamorous and irresistible "the shame of America," as Villard called it.

A lynching was reported or foretold—and an NAACP representative was somehow slipped into the county and the legal machinery set into motion. The practical results began to pile up impressively, but even more significant were the moral results. John Shillady, the executive secretary, went himself to Texas to investigate an outrage and was terribly beaten. Since the NAACP was now news, the press wires burned. When Shillady painfully debarked at Pennsylvania Station in New York, Red Caps from all over the station, dozens upon dozens, came on the run to cheer the man who had literally fought for them.

Mary White Ovington "ended as an unabashed and sometimes unladylike fighter."

The executive secretaries had to be heroes. James Weldon Johnson, another scholar, took up where Shillady left off, and he was followed by the nerveless and resourceful Walter White, who carried the struggle for Negro equality straight up to the jungles and onto the beaches of Okinawa and Anzio.

The fight to outlaw lynching, to insure unrestricted voting, to provide equal education, to protect Negro property, has by no means been won, but the percentage of legal victories is high and growing higher. The Negro is an older American than the majority of the whites, for his immigration ended with the end of the slave-trade in the early 1800's. He knows what he wants and his wants are well matched to his human rights.

In her novel "Deep River" and in "Let My People Go" Henrietta Buckmaster has specialized in the subject of abolitionism and Negro emancipation.

Addenda to Gaiety

HOW TO DISAPPEAR FOR AN HOUR. By Geoffrey Hellman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 272 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JACK IAMS

FROM the pages of *The New Yorker* comes this addition to the many collections which that periodical has contributed to the gaiety of bookshelves. It is scarcely necessary to add that the prose is smooth and felicitous, the wit plentiful and sharp. The *New Yorker* aegis takes a lot of the fun out of reviewing a book.

Mr. Hellman, a staff writer and all-round man on the magazine, appears to have absorbed its style at the expense of his own individuality and a good deal of the book could be interchanged with last year's round-up of Russell Maloney's staff pieces; but that should make no *emptor caveat* (or *cavere*, as Mr. Hellman would be sure to point out).

"How to Disappear for an Hour" consists of thirty-three short sketches, mostly straight fooling, and four long Profiles, including the memorable ones on Robert W. Service and *The National Geographic's* Gilbert Grosvenor.

It is in the Profiles that Mr. Hellman is at his best. They sparkle as

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gaily as his purely humorous pieces, while their factual framework restrains him from the zany excesses which occasionally overload his briefer efforts. He can present a tremendous amount of information and erudition, as blithely as if the subject had come up at a jolly dinner party. There is no reverence in his dissections and no discernible malice.

It does seem unfortunate, though, that two of the four Profiles should deal with ornithologists. Mr. Hellman can make bird-lore as fascinating as it can be made, but there's just too much of it for a book of general appeal. The selection seems stranger still in view of the jacket statement that there were fifty Profiles to choose from.

The author lets himself go with considerably more abandon in the shorter pieces and, once in a while, he falls on his face. As long as he is digging out incongruities and absurdities in our national life and institutions, he is fine. There is the case of the Taft School's missing alumni, a lot of whom Mr. Hellman finds placidly roosting in the telephone directory and Social Register; the remarkable account of winter life in Nantucket as culled from the *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror;* the New York Public Library's difficulties with William Saroyan; and the Strange Behavior of Mr. A. Bryan who advertised millionaires' names for sale.

But the trouble begins when Mr. Hellman feels he must embroider his sketches with instantaneously funny beginnings and madly whimsical endings, as if he didn't trust the rest of it. For instance, he starts the title story like this: "Last Tuesday, stopping in at my dentist's to have my porcelain fillings exchanged for platinum as a hedge against inflation..." It sounds strained and it doesn't add anything to the genuine merriment that develops. Furthermore, one becomes uncomfortably aware that, in these artificial starts and finishes, Mr. Hellman is imitating his fellow *New Yorker* contributor S. J. Perelman. Mr Perelman doesn't need the flattery, and Mr. Hellman has plenty on the ball without imitating anybody.

This sort of fault-finding is almost bound to arise when a group of magazine pieces, especially funny ones, finds its way into collected form. Devices, that didn't look like devices when separated by the weeks, begin to stick out. They're like the mannerisms of a girl that seem delightful in courting days and become irritating after a year of marriage. It can still be a happy marriage, and there is no reason why everybody shouldn't be happy with "How to Disappear for an Hour."

Since there is a twenty-yard penalty for writing about a *New Yorker* collection without using the word "sophisticated," it may be added that Saul Steinberg's illustrations, or, more accurately, decorations, are decidedly that.

Each Link Linked

ADVENTURES WITH A TEXAS NATURALIST. By Roy Bedichek. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 293 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

IN A RECENT issue of *Life* John Chamberlain called attention to the poverty of our contemporary literature by comparison with that of the Twenties and Thirties. His particular concern was for fiction, and it was evident that he identified contemporary literature largely with the production of novels, perhaps of novels suited to certain attitudes. The critical appreciation of literature today is professionally practised by critics who breathe the intellectual atmosphere of big cities and who give importance to what is written for an urban environment. Even novels of the soil have their worth

(*Continued on page* 22)

All About Geoffrey T. Hellman

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN, author of "How to Disappear for an Hour," brilliantly reviewed on this page, was born in New York City, in a home of culture and refinement, on February 13, 1907, and is thus an Aquarius type astrologically — like Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, and several million people who have never amounted to a hill of beans.

Young Hellman began to write at the Westminster School, in Simsbury, Connecticut, when he was thirteen. His first published work, which appeared in *The Westminster Review,* was a poem called "The Storm." Its concluding line ran: "And nary a sheep did die." The thought behind this is typical of Hellman's kindly philosophy, which embraces all of God's creatures. "A sheep is a real person," he says.

He continued to write relentlessly at Yale, where he became columnist of *The Yale News,* and an editor of *The Yale Record* and *The Yale Literary Magazine.* He disappeared from Yale in 1928, having been voted the Second Wittiest Man in his class. He rarely left his room except to stroll to the Elizabethan Club, and received three sardonic votes for Best Athlete. Thornton Wilder, who had read his college effusions with sympathy, gave him a note of introduction to Irita Van Doren, editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* Sunday book supplement, which read in part: "Catch him young." Mrs. Van Doren caught him at twenty-one, and for several months he wrote book reviews for the *Tribune.* Armed with these, he solicited employment at *The New Yorker* office in the winter of 1929, and was hired as a reporter in the Talk of the Town Department. He began to write Profiles the following year (the first was on Graham McNamee), and has, to date (September 1947), had fifty of these, in seventy-two parts, published in *The New Yorker.* In 1936, he drew the attention of the Talk of the Town to the fact that a dog was listed in the New York *Social Register.* The ensuing paragraph caused worldwide repercussions, and was *The New Yorker's* outstanding scoop until it printed John Hersey's article on Hiroshima, a decade later.

Hellman's initial salary as a Talk of the Town reporter was thirty dollars a week. His boss, Ralph Ingersoll, who in 1929 was *The New Yorker's* managing editor, advised him that at the end of six weeks he would either fire him or give him a substantial raise. Six weeks passed, and nothing happened—or at any rate

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Personal History.

William Vaughn Moody, a poet of great achievement and even greater promise, died when he was only forty-one. Three years later began the American poetic renaissance of 1912-1916, *to which Moody might have contributed verse of distinction and a mature guidance. For Moody, with his graceful carriage, wavy hair, Vandyke beard, and musical voice, was not only the picture of a poet but was, too, a careful scholar, an inspiring teacher, and a man of deep feeling. His early poems achieved nobility and lyric power. Best known, perhaps, is "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," written in indignation at the imperialism of the Spanish-American War. Although no writer of free verse, Moody's zest and critical spirit marked him as a forerunner of the new poets. A year before his death Moody married a woman altogether as distinguished as himself. With full poetic justice, Harriet Tilden Moody, whose story is lovingly told in "A House in Chicago," reviewed below, became the friend and mentor of those poets—Vachel Lindsay, Robinson, the Colums, Robert Frost—whose company her husband had not lived to join.*

F.D.R.'s Choice

HARRY TRUMAN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY: By William P. Helm. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 241 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN D. WEAVER

WHEN he first came to Washington, a few weeks after his successful Senatorial race of 1934, Harry Truman looked up William P. Helm, the Washington correspondent of the *Kansas City Journal-Post,* which had supported the Pendergast-picked candidate largely because the powerful opposition paper, the *Kansas City Star,* had fought him. Helm was drawn to the modest, friendly junior Senator, who admitted he was "green as grass and ignorant as a fool about practically everything worth knowing." A Republican with a profound distaste for the Roosevelt reforms, Helm became the "Black Republican friend" of Senator Truman who was voting for all the New Deal measures of which Helm disapproved.

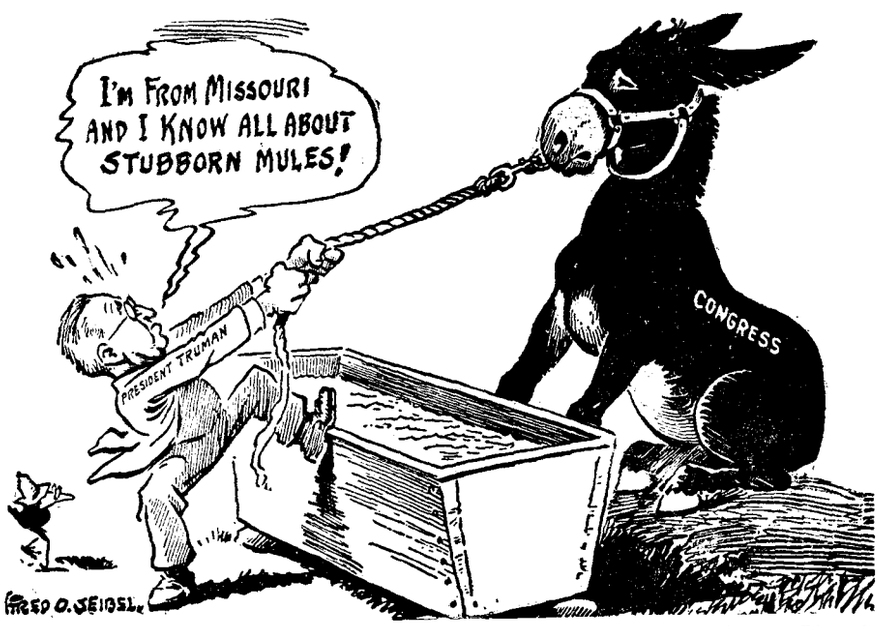
Now with Truman in the White House, his "Black Republican friend" has written a book about him. It is a very friendly book, filled with anecdotes to show Truman as "a good fellow," a man who enjoyed the fun and fellowship of the Senate, got a kick out of beating Vice President Garner at poker, and could drink five powerful cocktails without showing any ill effects. The other well-documented Truman virtues are generously attested to, his modesty, integrity, political loyalty, capacity for hard work.

As a campaign puff designed to prove that all the American virtues have come to full flowering in the inevitable Democratic candidate of 1948, Helm's book could be passed over as a routine work with the mortality of its genre, a book which would soon be at one on second-hand store shelves with a similar work on Alf Landon, but Helm has chosen to label his book a "political biography" and that raises questions quite beyond Truman's gregarious capacities with the bottle and seven-card stud.

A political biography would normally be expected to deal with the maturing of a political philosophy, but there is nothing in Helm's work to suggest that Truman has ever acted on any problem save by impulse. His instincts, according to Helm, are good, but the author goes no further than that. Helm's obvious deficiencies as a biographer are passed on to his subject, so that in attempting to perform a friendly service for Truman, the author has succeeded only in making the President appear as superficial and small as this slight, superficial work. By ignoring the larger issues of Truman's time Helm gives the impression that, as far as Truman is concerned, such problems do not exist. There is no mention of foreign policy, inflation, housing, budgets, taxes; and two contemporary phenomena about which a Truman biographer might conceivably concern himself are not even touched upon: the United Nations and the atom bomb. Yet it was Harry Truman whom Roosevelt picked to carry out his program for world cooperation in the event of his death, and it was Harry Truman who had to make the horrendous decision on the bombing of Hiroshima.

Helm's thesis, if such an ill-constructed book could be said to have a thesis, is that, as a Senator, Truman consistently supported Roosevelt in his ruinous policies because of his instinctive sympathy for the underdog, and now as President he has the trying task of liquidating the program because, with administrative responsibility, he has come to see how unworkable were the Roosevelt visions of change. Helm writes as though Truman had run against Roosevelt in 1944 and won.

As a writer Helm is a man of the most modest gifts. His style has a city desk slovenliness without the small corrective graces of a good copy reader. The cliché comes naturally to him, and when he essays a metaphor to make his writing "fancy," it is a clumsy and unfortunate effort. He has nothing to add to the Truman record (outside of a few naïve conclusions and a somewhat remarkable explanation of why Truman booted Wallace out of his Cabinet), and his retelling of the familiar material from the files lacks both interest and distinction.



—*Seibel in* The Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"Mule from Missouri, too?"

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2790 Groveland

A HOUSE IN CHICAGO. By Olivia Howard Dunbar. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1947. 287 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

TWENTY-SEVEN ninety Groveland Avenue was a Chicago address well known, during the years from 1913 to 1928, to the innumerable literary figures who came to the three-story, red brick house as guests and returned again and again as friends. Harriet Tilden Moody, who raised hospitality and friendship to a creative art in this informal but delightfully comfortable home of hers, and whose full and varied life is told with great charm and appreciation in "A House in Chicago," was an extraordinary woman.

Born in Ohio in 1857, and brought up in Chicago in great luxury, Harriet Tilden's early life was secure. Beauty, popularity which would have been dazzling to a less well-balanced nature, and real intellectual ability made her years at boarding school, at Cornell, and as a Chicago debutante a record of easy successes. But an unhappy marriage, decided on at the cost of estrangement from her parents and terminated by divorce, brought the girl her first bitter taste of failure.

Upon her father's death the family found itself without income; unwilling that her mother should be deprived of any of the comforts which she required, the undaunted and resourceful young woman qualified for and began a successful career as an instructor in English literature in one of the Chicago high schools. At the same time she founded, using her own kitchen and such after-school hours as she could spare, a catering business which was to expand into an establishment which for years supplied Chicago's tables with really memorable delicacies and was eventually to include two highly successful restaurants and a London branch.

In 1899 she met the brilliant young poet William Vaughn Moody, who had come out from Harvard to teach English literature at the University of Chicago. Their marriage in 1908, begun in such happiness, was tragically ended in 1910 by the poet's untimely death.

Three years later Mrs. Moody, at the request of Harriet Monroe, received as a guest Rabindranath Tagore, then almost unknown in this country, and a lasting friendship began. Soon E. A. Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, Ridgely Torrence, Padraic and Mary Colum, John Masefield, and Robert Frost were added to her group of devoted friends. Crippled for life by a severe fall which had injured her leg, she was obliged to give up teaching, but the ever-expanding catering business provided an income which she spent unstintingly on others, in unlimited hospitality in Chicago and at the remote Massachusets farm which had been bought before Moody's death as a retreat and working place, in quiet benefactions and gifts. But more important, she gave, until her death, endless energy, effort, and time to furthering the development of the many poets who were included in her very wide circle of friends. While undoubtedly a tacit memorial to the beloved husband whom she had lost, this "Concern" (in the Quaker sense) was also a creative expression of her own personality.

The many letters quoted throw innumerable intimate and illuminating lights on some of the very distinguished writers of Mrs. Moody's day.

Rustic Retreat

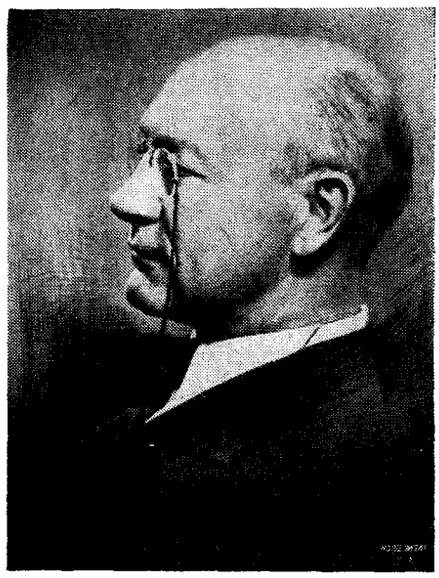
AN EXPLORER COMES HOME. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 288 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

AFTER many eventful years of exploration, of journeys into the dark corners of the earth, the distinguished Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews has looked homeward, embraced the hearth, and settled for serenity. Easing into dangerously loose-fitting slippers, he exudes the stringent satisfaction of the recently retired. His narrative, coated with contentment, points to only one possible pattern for living. Fortunately Mrs. Andrews shares this rustic enthusiasm. She, too, is willing to accept the world's envy.

After four years of directing the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. Andrews, in 1937, felt "like an animal in the zoo"; he was eager for fresh fields and possessed pastures. Colebrook, Connecticut, proved the answer. The farm was discovered, adored, and bought all in one day. The way was pointed. "An Explorer Comes Home" is quite simply an avowed affidavit in praise of the pastoral.

Originally intended only for week ends, "Pondwood" soon proved compelling enough so that year-round



—American Museum of Natural History.

Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews's "particular country living seems to breed . . . almost an isolationism in the face of history."

living, with regular visits to New York, became the order of the Andrews. Congenial neighbors, skiing, fishing, hunting for woodcock and duck, shooting, fill the time left free from writing, canning, and gardening. When aided by an eager colored couple, the mechanics of life present no problem.

Nor is there at any time even a threat of loneliness. Animal life supplies constant distraction. Lord Jitters, the Persian cat, Queen, the dog, and Poke-Poke, the kitten, make for good company. Dr. Andrews has the rather whimsical gift of being able to converse with his pets, and is apt to dissertate on jealousy, loyalty, love, and varying degrees of aptitude in this four-footed kingdom.

Now and again the explorer remembers, and we are catapulted from the lurking Thornton Burgess influence to the thrill of the Gobi Desert, to far-off India, to the lure of strange beasts and insects. These are welcome interludes; the spirit deserves a jolt; recollection must disturb the routine as the event of the outside world does not.

This particular country living seems to breed an armor against anxiety, a detachment, almost an isolationism in the face of history. Dr. Andrews's son piloted a plane, flew many missions, and returned in peace to "Pondwood." The cord, therefore, is there though one is seldom conscious of it.

Fundamentally, this is one man's meat, but it could be seasoned with a dash of humor, a touch of awareness, and less apathy.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Books by the Hundred

TWO YEARS ago a special committee of the Grolier Club of New York set about selecting one hundred influential American books printed before 1900. Their findings were announced in the spring of 1946 at a meeting of the club at which a spokesman for the committee explained and defended its choices; he was followed by a devil's advocate who attacked the selections as best he could, just as a court-appointed counsel will make out the best possible case for a murderer who has been caught in the act of unwinding a poker from his victim's skull. Actually the selections were admirable. Probably eighty or ninety of the hundred would have been chosen by any group as competently equipped for the job as was the Grolier Club committee. The other twenty, or ten, could be debated endlessly. For influence is a quality which is as difficult to assess as charm, inebriety, or courage.

Book lists, particularly in hundreds, are old hat—the Grolier Club itself, far back in 1902, nominated "One Hundred Books Famous in English Literature" (including American). In 1928, A. Edward Newton, bedeviled by inquiries about what books to collect, composed on behalf of importunate clients a roster of "One Hundred Good Novels" (not, as it is frequently miscalled, "The One Hundred Best Novels"). There are a hundred lists of best books, worst books, greatest books, least books, and books the mastery of which should be the equivalent of a college education.

Another list of one hundred books is now in process of selection, and the selecting agency is not a bookman's club or an authority on book-collecting or an educational institution. It is a steamship company. The Moore-McCormack Lines will install in each of their three big Good Neighbor ships —the *Brazil*, the *Uruguay*, and the *Argentina* — memorial libraries each made up of one hundred books which "help explain America" (this in addition to the regular ships' libraries, which will be made up, presumably, of just the sort of books one likes most to read on a sea voyage). The men to be memoralized are three members of the company's staff who died while serving with the armed forces—Thomas Locke, Henry Olin Billings, and William Binder, Jr.

More than two thousand educators, authors, critics, editors, and statesmen have so far nominated books for these memorial libraries, and the final selection of one hundred will be made within the next few weeks. James F. Roche, director of public relations for Moore-McCormack, has made a preliminary announcement of favorite titles and authors which indicates that the final choices will be worthy of setting beside earlier notable hundreds. In requesting nominations, Mr. Roche asked for titles "which in your opinion would have helped the fellows about to give their lives to understand the country they served, its traditions and ideals, but most of all its people, the people who helped make present-day America." He was mindful of the fact that his company's three biggest passenger ships, converted into troopships, had carried half a million men to and from the war.

In the field of biography, Carl Sandburg's presentation of Lincoln's early life, "The Prairie Years," and William Allen White's autobiography have been the leaders to date. Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" heads the poetry division, followed by Whitman and Robert Frost. O. E. Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth," the simple but moving story of a Norwegian family's struggle with the soil and climate of South Dakota, was first published twenty years ago, but Mr. Roche's correspondents have not forgotten it, for at the moment it heads his fiction schedule. Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" is doing satisfactorily among the plays. In the "certainly something by" group are Mark Twain, Thomas Wolfe, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Edna Ferber, Hamlin Garland, Booker T. Washington, Ring Lardner, Harry Leon Wilson, Edward Eggleston, John Dos Passos, Ellen Glasgow. Certainly all of these writers have helped, or are still helping, to "explain America."

Broadly speaking, any book by an American helps explain America. So do a good many books by non-Americans. (Frances Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans" may not help explain America, but it certainly helps explain Frances Trollope.) It is interesting to note that none of the nominees for the three memorial libraries is the work of an apologist or a propagandist. There isn't a flag-waver in the lot—on the contrary, some of the writers cited are extremely critical of their native land. All of them have written with integrity and detachment and with analytical objectiveness. It is heartening to note that the selectors themselves have approached their task with comparable objectivity.

J. T. W.

Song Before Dark

By I. L. Salomon

DARK is the song of the wood thrush singing;
it falls from the thicket over the rise
in innocent and consummate pleading
contemplative as the day that dies;

and in the downland over the meadow
the echo is clear in the cooling air
as the dusk unfurls its prodigious shadow
leaving lonely phantoms everywhere;

nothing's disturbed; the telegraph wires
hum their efficient ambiguous tune
as the hilltop firs with their ragged spires
are as yet unfavored by the moon;

down from the upland the song returning
is woodwind piercing the wetted grain,
and the hungry heart with desire burning
is half-relieved of its hovering pain!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Werner Neuse Was First

SIR: I am sure you will be glad to correct a misstatement which occurs in your issue for Aug. 2. Following Philip Rahv's review of Paul Goodman's "Kafka's Prayer," you state that "Philip Rahv . . . wrote the first English language article on Kafka to appear in this country (*Kenyon Review* Jan. 1938)." In the summer 1935 number of *Books Abroad*, you will find an article on Franz Kafka, by Professor Werner Neuse of Middlebury College. I hope you will transfer the laurel.

R. T. HOUSE.

Norman, Okla.

Blurred Blurb

SIR: In your issue of Aug. 2, Merle Miller's review of "Dark December," by R. E. Merriam was very discerning. However, he was somewhat misled by the publisher's blurb which suggests that "Dark December" actually is a distillation of an official five-volume report on the Ardennes campaign prepared by the Historical Division of the War Department.

At the end of the operations in Europe Mr. Merriam and a number of others were assigned, under my direction, to understake a preliminary compilation of documents and information relating to the Ardennes. Redeployment ended this project before it could be completed, and as a result the Historical Division of the War Department Special Staff received five preliminary reports, based on an incomplete study of the available documents, and covering in detail only the period from 16 to 19 December. Some sectors of the gigantic front were covered up to the 28 December, but many of the more important phases of this campaign were left entirely untouched by our researchers. It was on this fragmentary and admittedly preliminary treatment that Mr. Merriam based "Dark December."

Your reviewer properly noted the uneven treatment accorded to certain phases of the campaign . . . the last three weeks is compressed and Mr. Merriam slights the operation on the southern flank. These gaps in "Dark December" are identical with those in the preliminary study done by the Historical Division. However, Mr. Miller erred in writing that Mr. Merriam had "the chance to study all the documents." The German documents, of which we have now a very complete collection, were not available to Mr. Merriam and he was forced to rely on a few interviews with German officers. Mr. Merriam did not see the documents from the higher American Headquarters, all of which have been opened to the Historical Division. Finally, no intensive and comprehensive study of the documents containing the history of all the American combat units which took part in the Ardennes has been attempted, and Mr. Merriam's own researches can be called exhaustive in the case of only one American unit, *i.e.*, the 7th Armored Division.

"Dark December" is a valuable interim contribution to the history of a great campaign and I hope that it will be widely read. However, it is in no sense the last word on the Ardennes.

H. M. COLE,
Former Deputy Theater Historian, USFET.

Washington, D. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Now don't try to fool this King Solomon—just tie him up on some technicality."

It Doesn't Parse

SIR: *That* common-speech potpourri "Slaunchwise and Catawampus," of Horace Reynolds [*SRL* Aug. 23] was most delightful, but he would have hard work to prove that "where are you from outer," really, as he says, "piles up three prepositions where the schoolmarms say none ought to be." "Outer," (out of) is a prepositional phrase, with "out" as an adverb, plus the preposition "of." The practical "from out" (sometimes "from out of") is a similar phrase. The best case of multi-prepositional sentence ending is the complaint of the small boy, "What did you pick out that book for me to be read to out of for?" But that has three prepositions, not four.

BERNARD M. ALLEN.

Cheshire, Conn.

Rossetti Retitled

SIR: "Bystanders Are Not Innocent" [*SRL* Aug. 2], the title of your gallant article, might have stood over one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's beautiful sonnets, which I take the liberty of transcribing here:

ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS

Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
Nor that the seasons totter in their walk,—
Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
Seethes ever as a winepress ever trod,—
Not therefore are we certain that the rod
Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though now
Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
So many kings:—not therefore, O my God!—
But because Man is parcelled out in men
To-day; because, for any wrongful blow,
No man not stricken asks, "I would be told
Why thou dost thus": but his heart whispers then,
"He is he, I am I," by this we know
That the earth falls asunder, being old.

PAUL SCHRECKER.

New York, N. Y.

Cosmic Defects

SIR: Professor Montague's criticism of the defects of the cosmos in the *SRL* Sept. 6 calls to mind the observation of that forthright thinker Miguel de Unamuno that in his generosity God not only created the cosmos but left man perfectly free to criticize his handiwork. What an anemic age we live in! With its Wellsian non-competent gods and like intellectual rabbits. Instinctively one turns to a Pascal who WAS a scientist and one of front rank, too, and whose declaration of faith said . . . "The God of Abraham and Isaac, NOT the God of the philosophers."

Or one recalls "The Heavens are telling . . ." wit hits robust (not rose-colored, Professor Montague, but robust) affirmation of BEING. In such words lies more meat than in a barrel of modern speculation.

G. R. GARRETT.

New York, N. Y.

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Ideas and Studies.

We asked Englishmen to review for us two of the books below, because we felt English thinkers have perhaps come closer than ours to bridging the gap between abstract, specialized knowledge and its effective use in the modern world. And we were curious to see how they would react to such samples of American speculative thinking as Sorokin's "Society, Culture, and Personality," and the group of essays gathered together in "Approaches to Group Understanding." We were not surprised when we read that, on the one hand, Coulborn thought Sorokin's attempt to systematize all human culture and society was much too sweeping, and, on the other, that Montagu felt the scholars of "Approaches to Group Understanding" needed a scolding for being too over-specialized and not getting together enough. In other words, our American thinkers are apt to swing to the extremes: either whole hog towards systematizing all knowledge to the point of overdoing it, or else they sit too tight in their little ivory compartments.

Partly Rational Man

SOCIETY, CULTURE, AND PERSONALITY. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. XIV + 742 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by RUSHTON COULBORN

THE RANGE of controversy in theoretical sociology is wider than in any other social science; so wide is it, in fact, that it is almost literally true that, wherever two theoretical sociologists cross one another's paths, they differ. There is a reason for this which I shall attempt to show below. The appearance of a volume summarizing the whole of Mr. Sorokin's systematic, theoretical sociology cannot fail, therefore, to stir up a babel of contradictory voices.

It is impossible to summarize the new book for the reason that it is itself a summary. It is an "outline of everything" in sociology, much of it expounding Mr. Sorokin's special, original opinions, a substantial portion of it criticizing—"correcting" is the author's usual word—the opinions and theories of others. Undoubtedly there are many matters in this volume on which Mr. Sorokin is sound and sensible. He thinks, for example, that the fundamental causes of war are ideological. He argues throughout the volume for the view that culture is something in part internally consistent, in part inconsistent, and links to this the opinion that man, in thought and action, is partly rational, partly irrational. The growth of society and culture is for Sorokin a matter of the human mind. Based upon this idea is what is probably the most valuable of his original doctrines, namely that the great historic civilized societies have arisen with a culture grounded in faith, and have then, after a transitional period, passed into a phase of reliance upon reason and empirical observation. Broadly, this doctrine is equivalent to the leading doctrines in Toynbee's and Spengler's interpretations of history, and the measure of validity of the three doctrines is probably roughly given by their common elements.

Sorokin will no doubt not recognize my statement above about this doctrine of his, for the statement ignores his tiresome terminology — the "ideational," "idealistic," and "sensate" "supersystems" of culture. Similarly, he would no doubt minimize the comparisons with Toynbee and Spengler, for actually almost all of his references to those thinkers' work are for the purpose of defending his own methodological mumbo-jumbo against theirs. His entire book, in fact, abounds with controversy on this level, wherein he states variants in his own terms of important contributions of others to social and historical theory. It is likely, indeed, that the critical review of sociology, anthropology, and the more intelligent historiography which this aspect of the present work constitutes is of a certain negative value. There are cases, however, where, in my judgment, Sorokin's theories are inferior to those he criticizes—for example, his substitute for Tönnies's "Gemeinschaft und Gesellschaft."

These differences of approach, method, conception between Sorokin and a substantial number of other scholars—and, to a notably lesser extent among those other scholars themselves—raise a fundamental question for the social sciences. It concerns the actual value as an explanation of social phenomena of a systematic, theoretical sociology which takes for its province all of human society and culture throughout their history. Sorokin seeks to set up an exclusively generalizing, descriptive science, which shall do for the social world what physics does for the physical world. It is unfortunately impossible to argue out this vastly important question here. Since, however, it is the paramount question raised by the appearance of a compendious statement of Sorokin's theories, an opinion at least must be given. Readers who wish to pursue the matter further are referred to a short, readable, but deplorably neglected book, Hugh Miller's "History and Science."

Pitirim A. Sorokin defends "his own methodological mumbo-jumbo" against Toynbee's and Spengler's.

The tendency of Miller's argument is to show that an historical, evolutionary procedure, elucidating the particular, must always be primary in all sciences, even in the physical sciences, and that generalizing, classificatory theory is secondary. To this I would add that, whereas in sciences dealing with the inorganic, and to a lesser extent in those dealing with the organic, uniformities and repetitions are easily discernible to the human mind, in the social sciences they are only discernible with very great difficulty and in very large processes, and perhaps do not even occur otherwise. It follows that only historical, particularizing procedures can explain very much in the social sciences to the human mind. If this is true, what becomes of Sorokin's systematic science? The answer, I think, is that it is very largely nugatory; that all his differences with other theoretical sociologists, and the lesser differences which have arisen among those others themselves, can be merely of negative critical value, and even at that usually indeterminable.

But it is not urged that there is no place at all in the social sciences for comparison and generalization. Whatever the logical conclusion of Miller's views, I still think with Aristotle that generalization is of most value to human thought where it is possible. My advice to the intelligent reader on the appearance of this summary statement of Mr. Sorokin's sociology is therefore to disregard the method and

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the detailed findings and to concentrate attention on the one matter in which our author is dealing with something his procedure can elucidate, the evolution of his cultural "supersystems." This I believe to be the leading problem confronting the social sciences today, and Mr. Sorokin's contribution to it may properly be set alongside the contributions of Toynbee, Spengler, Berdyaev, Brooks Adams, and, first of them all, Vico, to whom I think Sorokin ought to make a larger acknowledgment than he does.

Rushton - Coulborn, English - born historian and associate of Arnold Toynbee, is now chairman of the department of history at Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

Human Relations

APPROACHES TO GROUP UNDERSTANDING: A Symposium. Edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, and R. M. MacIver. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 858 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

THE SIXTY-SEVEN papers comprising this substantial volume were prepared for the sixth meeting of the Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion in Relation to the Democratic Way of Life, held in New York during August 1945. The theme set the contributors to the Conference was "Bridges for Cultural Understanding." Having devoted some part of their lives to the building of such bridges, and studied the gaps to be bridged and the nature of the spans required, it was hoped that the contributions "would help create a richer vision of the problem, offer insights into its nature, and possible approaches to its solution." The editors feel that their hopes have been realized.

I wish I could say that mine have. Perhaps I expected something more positive than it is possible to provide at this stage of our development. I do not think so, and it is this belief which constitutes the principal source of my disappointment in this volume. The large majority of the authors have not, in my opinion, come up to the order of the specifications set them, and they have failed to do so because, as more than one of the contributors points out, they are too specialized to know what is *in fact* required. This is, in part, a matter which is briefly touched upon by Mr. Edgar S. Brightman in his admirable paper on "The Dilemma of Communication," and also by Professor Quincy Wright in his paper "Specialization and Universal Values in General International Organization." In passing it is worth inquiring whether Professor Wright really believes what he writes when he says "for decisions involving peace or war, the future of our society, we are skeptical of specialists and value men of broad human experience and common sense." If he believes this then I should say, as the Duke of Wellington once remarked to a person who inquired of him "Mr. Smith, I believe?", "If you'd believe that, you'd believe anything!"

Professor Brightman points out that specialization is necessary and indispensable if life is to fulfil its possibilities, and while he refers to the disastrous effects of intellectual provincialism I take it that he is by implication condemning the effects of *over*specialization. One misses a more direct treatment of a subject the importance of which for our culture cannot be overestimated. As I write, the overspecialized "gadgeteer" di-

rector of an internationally famous institution, which was endowed by its founder to support research and disseminate knowledge in the sciences and humanities, has completed arrangements to eliminate the social sciences and the humanities entirely from the institution's spheres of interest. This act of social vandalism is to take effect in 1949. So far as I know, not one voice has been raised in public protest against this particularly noxious and shocking effect of overspecialization.

The present volume is an instructive example, upon a humane level, of the effects of overspecialization, and it is perhaps the chief value of this book that it demonstrates it so clearly. While its positive contribution to the solution of the problems it attempts are negligible, in a negative sort of way it makes a positive contribution to our understanding of the reasons why specialists fail when they attack problems which call for, at least, a general knowledge of the kind which every well-educated person should have. They fail when they neglect to approach a problem as a whole, and they fail when they complacently decline to work within the orbit of the critical give-and-take of their fellow-workers in their own as well as in other fields. No better or more pertinent example of this is to be found than in the pages of this volume in which some of the conference participants criticize each other's views. By far the liveliest and much the most forceful writing in this volume is to be found in these criticisms and in the author's replies to them. In almost every case the exchange of views produces clarification and immediate practical benefits.

A prerequisite in the process of educating others should be the education of the educator. To be instructed is not enough. Education is not yet one of the chief values of American civilization. It should be the task of the educators to make it so. Possibly they could be persuaded to begin with themselves. Men and women of the calibre who contribute to this volume know that they are as much the victims of the value-system in which they were socialized as the the masses whom they are trying to help. It is clear from this volume that the educated as well as those who are to be educated stand much in need of a broadening of their horizons.

Another important point negatively underlined by this work is that words have no meaning apart from the action they produce. It is all very well, for example, to quote the lofty sentiments of General Smuts on science and ethical values, but it is not what General Smuts says but what he *does* about science and ethical values that really matters. What, in fact, General Smuts does about approaches to group understanding between the colored and white populations in the part of the world in which he lives is in complete contradiction to the sentiments he utters within the pages of a philosophical treatise.

I will not develop this point further in relation to the present volume, but it is clear that the call to action has, for the most part, been answered by abstractors of reality, when what is so urgently needed are thinkers who will show us how to apply the knowledge we already possess to the solution of our own problems. A few of these are, indeed, represented in the pages of this volume, but on the whole they are conspicuously wanting, and this I regard as the supreme failure of "Approaches to Group Understanding."

Certainly there are many good things in this book, but they will be worth seeking out only by those who are actively interested in the subject with which it deals, no less a subject than human relations.

M. F. Ashley Montagu, of the Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, native of England though now an American citizen, is an editor of Isis *and author of numerous books.*

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AMERICANA

(Continued from page 15)

in satisfying the city-dweller's nostalgia, reflecting his dream rather than his immediate experience. Hence the emphasis on authentic "flavor." The countryside exists to be discovered by visitors from the city, or to be served its inhabitants as fiction on their own terms. To gain the serious attention of criticism, our literature must have an urban point of view; the writer must come to the metropolis and look out from its windows.

Fiction, if it is the principal modern vehicle of literary excellence, is not the only one. Alongside fiction and poetry, nature writing held its own through the nineteenth century in the works of Audubon, Thoreau, Muir, Burroughs, and others. It tended to be philosophical and thus to be associated with the speculative essay of which Emerson was the chief representative. The speculative essay, critics will tell you, is dead and buried today.

Roy Bedichek's "Adventures with a Texas Naturalist" provides occasion for noting that the great tradition of nature writing is not dead. Those who are concerned for our literature might take heart at the increasing small stream of fine nature writing, which lacks only the public importance that depends on major critical acclaim. The critics, because their experience is urban, regard nature writing as specialized, and call on the specialist, who may know nothing about literary worth, to appraise it, unable themselves to appraise it as literature because the material is too unfamiliar—even though it consists of the common facts of life.

Mr. Bedichek, indulging in a year's isolation for the purpose, has assembled a diversity of observations on nature in Texas, somewhat after the manner of W. H. Hudson in his books on nature in England or Argentina. He deals with all its terrestrial aspects—birds and wildlife, soil, plants, scenery—from the point of view not only of a professional ecologist but of a mind formed by the literature, especially the poetry and philosophy, of Western civilization. He has imagination and breadth of vision, as well as knowledge. He sees from Texas beyond Texas. There is nothing remarkable in his reference to "boulders which were pausing for a few centuries or more on their way down the hill." I choose it at random to illustrate the point that when he looks at a rock (or a tree or a bird) he sees more than the visual image. Because he sees with his mind and his imagination, what he sees has nobility, greatness. The rock, looked at even so casually, becomes an expression of time. It acquires significance.

This book is so rich in the scope of its contents that a full-length magazine article would seem inadequate to review it. There are chapters and passages in which Mr. Bedichek considers what man has done and is doing to destroy the virgin continent he recently discovered. Others deal with aspects of ecology, with the psychological consequences (to men and chickens) of methods now employed to raise barnyard fowl, with the effect of railway rights-of-way on the preservation of flora, with the range and habits of the cliff swallow, with the place of the hackberry in the scheme of things. Alert anthologists should make a note of the chapter called "A Bird and a Flower." Other memorable passages are some on the golden eagle, and one on a migrating snowy egret that dropped from the sky at dusk to roost overnight with a flock of white leghorns. All these particular matters are dealt with in terms of a universe that imparts grandeur to them, that takes meaning from them and gives them meaning. The diversity is brought together by this single vision:

> Each natural object, the fixed star or the "unenduring cloud," merges itself in a frame from which it cannot be torn without loss. There is no insulated spot in nature, but each link is linked, and it is through the interminable linkage that the active principle of the ancient philosophers and the modern nature poet circulates. Intelligent observation is not an isolating process, but an unfolding.

I foresee that some isolationists among reviewers will take Mr. Bedichek to task for an occasional carelessness with minor facts. The intelligent reader can content himself with that "unfolding" which is the mark of literature.

A publisher said to me, a few years ago, that if W. H. Hudson were beginning his career today he would find no market and not even a publisher for his works. I agreed dismally at the time. Now I think I sniff a coming change in the weather. Perhaps a revulsion against the new wonders of our civilization will lead men to turn back toward the more reliable wonder of nature. They may look toward creation to balance destruction. They may again seek an understanding of the terms that govern life in eternity as a relief from the shifting of fashions and the surprises of technology. The hearing ear will be found close to the speaking tongue. Already there has been a notable increase of public interest in nature. Of one thing I am sure: literature is being produced in an honored American tradition.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS AND MOUNTAINS

The characters in this week's quiz were all concerned in one way or another with mountains. From the brief sketches given below, can you identify them? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name and another 5 if you can name the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. Under pressure, this man sold his mountain on the Hudson River to a gravel company for $50,000.
2. In mid-winter this author retired to the solitude of a summer resort hotel located atop a mountain in order to write a novel.
3. Fulfilling a prophecy, this kindly man grew to resemble a huge face formed on a mountain side by some immense rocks.
4. While mountain climbing, this elderly schoolmaster went to the aid of a maiden he supposed was in distress, wrenched his ankle in doing so, and was himself rescued by her.
5. In a sanatorium high up in the Swiss Alps this young man strung out a three weeks' visit to seven years.
6. This sleuth was trapped, with murder victim and plenty of suspects, on a mountain top surrounded by a forest fire.
7. This impresario was stranded with six blonde actresses in a hotel in the Italian Alps at the outbreak of a world war.
8. Marooned by a blizzard on top of a mountain ridge, this man effected the rescue of himself and several companions by sliding downhill on a mattress contrived of stage coach cushions.
9. Of six daring climbers who attempted a tall peak in the Swiss Alps, this American aviator came nearest to succeeding.
10. Because she disobeyed her father this maiden was confined on a mountain top surrounded by a ring of fire.

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SRTL

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Science.

Under "Ideas and Studies" this week we suggested that English thinkers had been more successful than ours in bridging the gap between abstract knowledge and the effective use of that knowledge in the modern world. The great English scientists, in particular, have long been distinguished by their catholicity of interests, the easy combination in their writings of speculative, even philosophic, thought with the hard facts of scientific technology, and by their ability to popularize science without degrading it. Harrison Brown, in his review of Gamow's "One, Two, Three . . . Infinity" in our last issue (September 20) wrote "American popular science writing has maintained an annoyingly low quality." We can "boast of pitifully few, if any, science popularizers who remotely approach the lucidity of Born, Eddington, Haldane, Huxley, or Jeans."

Waving a Red Flag

SCIENCE ADVANCES. By J. B. S. Haldane. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1947. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON BROWN

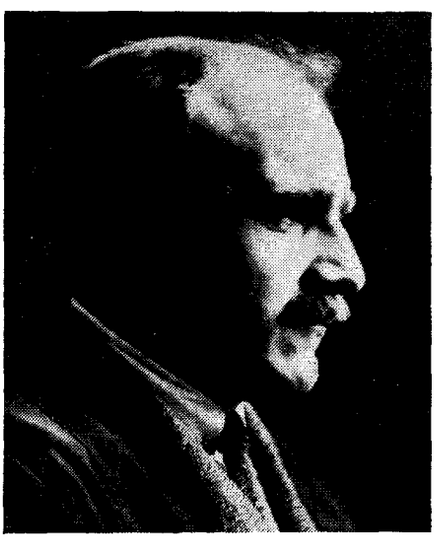
A STORY has filtered into the United States recently concerning J. B. S. Haldane, the author of this interesting series of essays. During the war while he was engaged in some (then) secret research for the British Government on the effects of high pressures of human physiology, he reasoned that he could make use of the help of a young fellow who, prior to the war, had been his research assistant. Haldane, consequently, submitted an official request that the man be cleared for secret work. After due investigation, presumably by British Military Intelligence, word came back that the assistant could not be cleared. This quite naturally disturbed Haldane, so much so that he inquired through other channels as to the reasons for the refusal. After some weeks the answer arrived. It appeared that Military Intelligence had uncovered the fact that the fellow had worked before the war for a notorious Communist, one J. B. S. Haldane, and therefore could not be trusted to work on these important investigations. This reviewer cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story; but it must be said that the yarn sounds plausible.

In his new collection of essays, most of which appeared in the (British) *Daily Worker* during the war, Haldane makes no attempt to conceal the fact that he is a Marxist. Indeed, he rubs it into the reader's mind at nearly every turn of the page. He is correct when he says in his preface: "I shall be told that I have dragged in Marxism like King Charles's head."

Nevertheless, at the risk of being subpoenaed by the Un-American Activities Committee, this reviewer must say that he thoroughly enjoyed the book. Haldane is without question one of the few men in the world who does a good job of explaining science, its attitudes, and methods to the citizen. It is entirely possible to disagree with his politics and at the same time to enjoy his science. As an essayist he is superb.

In 250 pages Haldane chats about a breathtaking number of topics. He gives short sketches of a number of men whose scientific achievements have impressed him. He discusses cats, insects, potatoes, trees, and lobsters. He writes of temperature, blood, evolution, and fatigue; of diseases ranging from the common cold to cancer; of X-rays and coal mine explosions; of the spectroscope and electron microscope. Altogether there are over eighty separate essays.

One of the more interesting sections of the book is that concerned with Soviet science. Haldane praises Soviet science very highly, and, in one opinion, glosses over many of the accusations made against it, without adequately answering them. (See, for example, the excellent book by John R. Baker, "Science and the Planned State.") However, as Haldane says, "It is somewhat difficult to get an objective view of the state of science in the Soviet Union." Indeed, it is difficult to believe that the author himself possesses the objective view for which he calls. But it does seem reasonable to believe that Haldane sees Russian science no whiter than Baker sees black; and as a result if one were to add the two divergent viewpoints and divide by two, a closer approximation to the truth might result.



J. B. S. Haldane: "I shall be told that I have dragged in Marxism like King Charles's head."

In particular, it is interesting to compare the contents of Haldane's essay "Genetics in the Soviet Union" with Baker's essay "The Soviet Genetics Controversy." The descriptions given by the two authors are so divergent that it is difficult for one unfamiliar with the details to believe that the gentlemen are discussing the same topic. It is one of the more illuminating examples of how it is usually possible to find what one is looking for in Russia if one looks carefully enough. This apparently is as true in science as in the fields of human relationships.

Priest-Healer Blend

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN MEDICINE. By Richard Harrison Shryock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 457 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ERNST P. BOAS, M. D.

THE PHYSICIAN today still is a blend of priest, philosopher, skilled craftsman, business man, and scientist. During the centuries the proportions of these several elements in the average doctor have varied greatly. The days of priesthood were succeeded by centuries in which the physician functioned as an empiric healer. Because of the insufficiency of medical science he developed philosophical systems of healing which had little relationship to biology and disease, but were adaptations of the philosophic concepts of the times. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, with the rapid growth of the physical, chemical, and biological sciences, medicine has become ever more of a scientific discipline, and the doctor more and more of a scientist. In the twentieth century, with the rapid industrialization of a society based on free, competitive enterprise, the physician has been driven to concern himself increasingly with the economic aspects of his profession.

Professor Shryock, sketching in bold outline the development of medicine from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present, describes how these successive changes have come about. He delineates medicine, not as an isolated discipline, but as a living force, moulded by the scientific, philosophic, and social thought a living force, molded by the scien-

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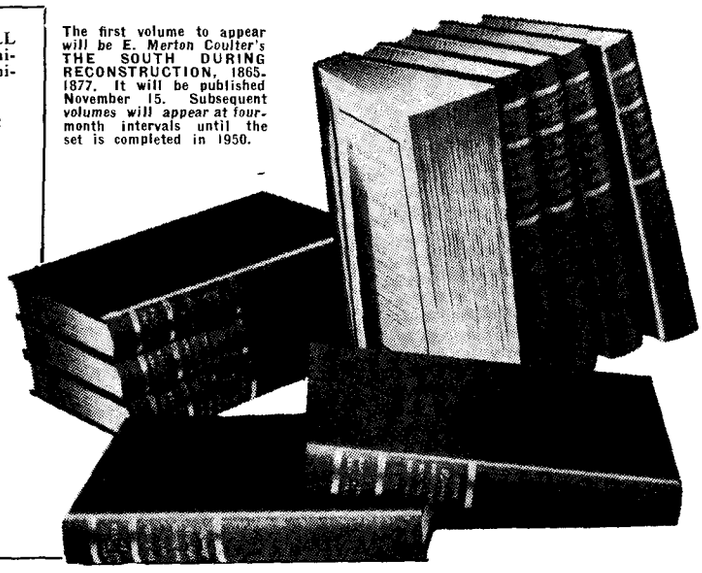
The first volume to appear will be E. Merton Coulter's THE SOUTH DURING RECONSTRUCTION, 1865-1877. It will be published November 15. Subsequent volumes will appear at four-month intervals until the set is completed in 1950.



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society on medicine, and of medicine on society. Professor Shryock is a profound scholar with encyclopedic knowledge, and a rare power of critical selection. A master of the history of medicine, science, philosophy, government, and society, he weaves the pertinent facts from all these fields into a succession of vivid tapestries that picture not alone medicine in the setting of society from generation to generation but also the broad sweep of important concepts and trends through the centuries. His exposition is fortified with many appropriate references; indeed the footnotes furnish a comprehensive bibliography.

Professor Shryock shows how every science, including medicine, has gone through similar phases in its development:

> The first stage reveals a minimum of observation and a maximum of theoretical synthesis; the second an early attempt at objectivity and measurement, characterized by pioneer enthusiasms; the third reveals a partial reversion to speculative synthesis (with its inevitable "schools" and controversies) and a partial lapse of quantitative procedures—due to difficulties encountered in carrying out the quantitative program; the fourth level witnesses a revival of the quantitative procedure, this time upon a firmer factual basis, and with a technique so improved as to make possible a final victory for modern methodology.

While the physical sciences reached the second of these phases in the seventeenth century, medicine lagged behind by more than a hundred years. The basic biologic problems were still unsolved, and medical thought was dominated by systems of philosophy. Then came the attempt to synthesize medical knowledge, as Newton had synthesized mechanics, and to identify and classify diseases. There were increasing emphasis on factual observation, attempts to apply quantitative measurements to biological phenomena and to apply statistical methods to the study of disease. But basic biological and chemical knowledge was still lacking, so that as late as the early half of the nineteenth century medicine was still in the third stage of its development, in which it again became ensnared in metaphysics and gave birth to such movements as mesmerism, homeopathy, and Christian Science.

It is difficult to realize that one hundred years ago the practitioner had little to offer his patient; that with the rising standard of public education the public, increasingly aware of the backward state of medical knowledge, had scant respect for the rank and file of the profession. With the triumph of scientific medicine in the twentieth century, public attitudes changed, and backed their faith in the new medicine by providing large funds for medical research and education.

The increasing efficiency of medical practice was accompanied by greatly increased costs of medical care. The people, informed of the benefits that modern medicine has to offer, became resentful that these vital services were not available to all, that only those who could afford to pay for them could get them. Physicians, proud of the achievements of modern medicine, saw no reason to change the existing state of affairs, while ever larger groups of the public insisted that medicine should be accessible to all the people. The concept of health insurance and social security as a right of citizenship came to the fore, and since the medical profession aligned itself against so radical a change, a new antagonism sprang up between doctor and patient. Again the public, knowing the potentialities of modern medicine, has begun to lose confidence in the medical profession, not because of the lacks of medical science, but because of the attitude of the medical profession that retards the development of new means by which the benefits of modern medicine would be more equitably distributed.

A mine of information, expertly interpreted, this book is invaluable for doctor and layman who wish to understand the present medical scene, whether it be the discovery of penicillin, the trend toward health insurance, or the growing menace of the chronic degenerative diseases.

ALL ABOUT GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*Continued from page 15*)

nothing happened to Hellman. However, Ingersoll subsequently offered to put him on a free-lance basis, and in this way Hellman's returns from reporting rose to an average of twice this sum. One day Ingersoll called him in and asked him if he played squash. No, said Hellman. "Ever see anyone play squash?" said Ingersoll. Hellman shook his head. "How would you like to be our court games editor?" Ingersoll asked. Hellman nodded, and for several years in this capacity covered squash racquets and squash tennis, as well as those esoteric games hard racquets and court tennis.

Hellman concentrated on colorful and implausible anecdotes about leading players, and generally relied on Allison Danzig, the court-games specialist of *The New York Times*, to tell him what the score was, or who had won. Court tennis is played in New York only at the Racquet Club, where, arriving to inspect his first match, Hellman, not being a member,

was besought to use the back door. Hellman is a Yale man and he declined to do this. In the interest of complete coverage, however, he sublet the legwork on these jobs to a friend who belonged to the Racquet Club, Christopher T. Emmet, Jr. Emmet wrote out 2000-word accounts of court-tennis matches which his employer had to condense into three or four inches of space. At the end of a year, Emmet complained to him that his fees from Hellman had amounted to less than his Racquet Club dues ($240); he had remained a member of the club, he said, only in order to report on court tennis. Hellman advised him to resign, which he did. Emmet has since become a well-known social thinker and radio commentator.

After a couple of years at *The New Yorker*, Hellman disappeared from the office for nearly a year. His disappearance arose from the circumstance that he was one of the first *New Yorker* writers to think about money, or at any rate to mention this subject to the management. In 1931 he asked Harold Ross for an increase in pay. Ross, wishing to play a joke on him and on Raoul Fleischmann, the magazine's publisher, urged him to see Fleischmann about this. Hellman had never met Fleischmann; he was too innocent to realize that Fleischmann had never seen a reporter on such a matter. He asked for an interview, and Fleischmann greeted him cordially. "How's your mother?" Fleischmann asked. Fine, said Hellman, tugging his forelock. "Lovely

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girl," said Fleischmann. "Haven't seen her for twenty or thirty years. Used to know your grandfather; fine old gentleman." The conversation, which was brief, continued on such a sociable plane that Hellman felt it would be tasteless to bring up the matter of pay. Instead, he left *The New Yorker* to join the staff of *Fortune,* where, after a few months of relatively plain sailing through assignments on the trout-fishing, horse-show, emerald, and whaling businesses, he ran into a request for 10,000 words on the Federal Reserve System. Hellman's attitude toward this system was, and remained, one of extreme reserve. Following a shaky interview with Eugene Meyer, who soon fell into a puzzled silence, he bogged down on the fifty-third word ("rediscount"), relinquished the assignment (by request of the management) to Archie MacLeish, and returned to *The New Yorker,* hat in hand, rates somewhat raised.

There, with two hiatuses, he has been ever since. The first hiatus occurred in 1936-38, when he spent two years as an associate editor of *Life.* He contributed a number of Close-ups to this magazine, including ones on Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Alfred Hitchcock, and Heywood Broun. The second hiatus consisted of three years in Washington between 1942 and 1945. These were spent writing for the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, the War Department (he helped write the "Official Guide to the A.A.F."), and the Office of Strategic Services. Hellman served on the Planning Staff and the History Project of OSS, and in this last connection helped collect, write, and edit a million-word top-secret history of the organization. OSS was a very mysterious outfit, and Hellman has no idea what happened to this history.

I asked Mr. Hellman how long it took to write a profile. "The quickest one I ever did took two days," he said, leaning back in his chair and puffing a costly cigar. "It was on Joe Crane, the world's champion parachute jumper. One of the most time-consuming was a three-parter on the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which took several months. The one on Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, which I have included in 'How to Disappear for an Hour,' took the longest, because it was as much the story of the *National Geographic*—thus involving the buttonholing of a large cast of characters and the reading of forty years of *National Geographics*—as the story of an individual. The research on a profile takes much longer than the actual writing as a rule; most of it has to be discarded. Sometimes you talk to a hundred people before you begin.

"The various themes in this book," he continued, "were chosen for the hell of it—*i.e.*, because they appealed to me, and made me happy while I was writing about them. I am generally in a state of euphoria while working, which is very unfashionable in this day of apprehensive speleologists, but I cannot see that it does any particular harm."

Hellman works seven or eight hours a day, and typewrites everything with one finger—the index one of the right hand. In cold weather, while writing, he wears a sweater which he bought at Niagara Falls, and which looks as though it had been worn by someone who had just gone over the Falls in a barrel. He smokes pipes constantly while working, and only then, and believes that this has become a useful associational device—like the bell-ringing which causes the saliva of a properly-conditioned dog to begin to flow. He is convinced that it is as important to select what you take into your mind as what you take into your stomach, and for this reason tries not to entertain too many thoughts on too many subjects. He has been notably successful in this.

Hellman has been an amateur lepidopterist for thirty-five years, and has formed a large collection of butterflies and moths, chosen purely for their looks. He fills a hat-box with cocoons every winter, and can hardly wait for spring, when the imagos emerge.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 223

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 223 will be found in the next issue.

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IF WE COULD START A NEWSPAPER

(*Continued from page 8*)

going but for the running grudge fight waged by aging, crotchety Senator Kenneth McKellar against all TVA officers because they refuse to hire his political hacks. After a series of insulting questions, McKellar had to be called to order by Chairman Chapman Revercomb. Clapp would be approved."

When a joint Congressional committee took up Lilienthal's nomination as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, McKellar made such an ass of himself in attacking Lilienthal that most of the press did its reporting without gloves on. Then suddenly, over a single weekend, the tone of many papers changed. Certain powerful Republicans began to join McKellar's assault on Lilienthal. Most of the papers froze up and reverted to so-called "objectivity." *Time* published a shocking, ambiguous piece that coupled Lilienthal with the Communist agent Gerhardt Eisler —which produced such a roar from its readers that the magazine hastened to explain that it had been misunderstood.

The papers knew that these charges were maliciously untrue; they knew also that anti-Semitism had reared its ugly head, that the drive against Lilienthal was being led by rabid New Deal-haters (Democrats and Republicans) who were against him simply because he was a Jew and a liberal and had been head of the "socialistic" TVA. They knew that Lilienthal was an exceptionally able, loyal citizen. They knew that public utility companies, interested in private exploitation of atomic energy, were behind this attack on him. All this they knew—but only a few papers (notably *The New York Times, Herald Tribune, PM, Washington Post,* and *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*) gave anything like a forthright account of what was going on. The rest obscured the issues in a miasma of craven journalese.

The Lilienthal case was a good illustration of the need for more courageous, straight - from - the - shoulder reporting. Men of the highest ability are all too often deterred from entering public service in the United States because they cannot count on the press to defend them against vicious demagogues.

With the growth in size of mass media, the news has tended to become more and more impersonal. The names and faces are there, but the individual human spirit and dignity are lacking. A model newspaper would try to remember that the reader is an individual, too. He has a personal interest in the weather, his ailments, occupation, taxes, purchases, and amusements. Most newspapers try to serve these informational wants; when a tax bill comes up, for instance, they promptly print tables showing how much it will cost typical taxpayers, and their ads and advice columns offer counsel to typical consumers. These services generally try to sell the consumer something. Often it would be more helpful to advise him what *not* to do or buy. Our newspaper will make it a point to compare and evaluate—both goods and ideas. It will try to promote an appreciation of expertness, and to inform readers where they can get expert counsel on their individual problems in education, health, work, and recreation.

The paper also will encourage readers to write or visit us for information and to register kicks about our reporting. We'd like readers to consider the paper a service institution like the weather bureau or the public library. It will be a part of the community, scolding when necessary, taking its lumps, acknowledging every citizen's stake in the paper. But its editors will not let readers ride roughshod over them; they will stubbornly defend the paper's fundamental principles.

In its approach to the news, the paper will start with the community and fan out from there. Beginning with people's worries, wants, and conversation about houses, schools, jobs, illness, and traffic problems, the news trail will lead to police stations, hospitals, and business institutions, to the City Hall, to the State Capitol, to Washington, to the whole wide world. The paper will probably give nearly as much space to international and national news as to local, but international stories (and national) will be brought home at every opportunity

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 704)

C. A. BEARD:
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

In substance the idea of progress is a theory that the lot of mankind on this earth can be continually improved by the attainment of exact knowledge and the subjugation of the material world to the requirements of human welfare.

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with some local angle. The paper will keep a spotlight on the Congressmen from our town and state; they will become as well known to our readers as the mayor or the cop on the beat.

The paper will use by-lines freely. The object will be to emphasize the reporter's responsibility, and give readers an opportunity to judge his reliability. The reports of our national and foreign correspondents will be printed as they come in, without editing of their facts or interpretations. If a correspondent's report looks questionable or over-excited, the editors will caution readers with a box or shirttail to the story presenting (1) any contradictory facts they may have, and (2) the source of their information.

Besides good writing, our paper would strive for good pictures. It

would be copiously illustrated. Newspapers, thanks to the picture magazines, are printing more and more pictures, but there has been no noticeable improvement in their quality. Photographs in the paper seldom succeed in the elementary function of information, because newspapers don't know how to use groups of related pictures, and because their pictures fall in clichés. It is incredible that they should go on printing deadpan faces, even whole rows of them in a single photograph. The Greeks had the solution in their pictures, namely, an attribute. If Mercury's job could be made clear by showing him with winged feet, every American should be pictured working at whatever he is good at.

With the plentitude of photographers on tap since World War II, it is impossible to understand why papers print pictures in the style that prevailed before World War I. Here the picture magazines, and for that matter magazines in general, have left newspapers far behind. The paper we are describing will illustrate every story that can be made more vivid with pictures; it will tell many stories primarily with pictures. This means not only photographs but charts, drawings, and diagrams.

An ideal newspaper might perhaps combine the snap and readability of the New York *Daily News*, the pictorial excellence of *Life*, the thoroughness of the *Times*, the crusading fire of the *Post-Dispatch*, the human interest and intelligence of the *Herald Tribune*, and the sense of responsibility of the *Courier-Journal*. That would be quite a newspaper!

This paper will need a big staff of reporters, photographers, and editors —at least 150 men and women. That is not an impractical dream. It has been proved that a successful paper of 250,000 circulation can support a staff of that size; there are several that do.

WE would have about twelve foreign correspondents. They would not attempt to cover routine news but would supply us with the background and interpretative reporting that the wire services fail to provide. Some would cover a given area (one in London for Great Britain, one in Moscow for Russia, etc.); others would have roving assignments. We like the plan adopted by Joseph Barnes, foreign news editor of the *Herald Tribune*, of using three or four roving specialists —say in science, diplomacy, economics, and trouble—who would be ready to be sent anywhere in the world where big news in their field was breaking, or who would go hunt it up themselves.

Our Washington bureau would have three or four topnotch reporters,

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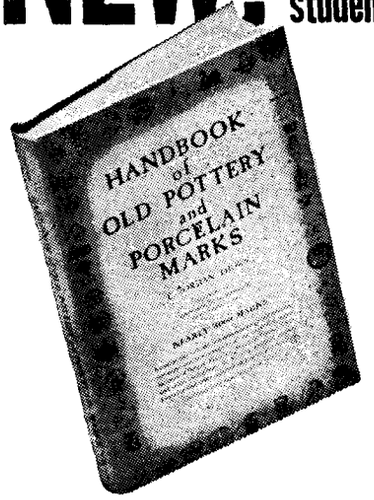

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again leaving routine to the AP and working on the most vital stories, as the late Paul Y. Anderson of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* did so well. They would be supplemented by two or three roving reporters covering the nation.

Our state and local staff, about thirty reporters, would cover the usual runs—state capitol, city hall, courts, police headquarters, district attorney, federal building, labor, transit, social services, etc. But they would not be tied down too closely to fixed posts; on a morning paper they would not have to worry about hourly deadlines through the day. As specialists in their jobs, they would build up news sources and could do some of their work by telephone instead of hanging around offices and pressrooms. That would give them time to get around the city and make firsthand investigations. They would visit hospitals, study the traffic and transit system, investigate political frauds, talk with labor union members, spend a day with a butcher, doctor, policeman, or teacher and write an eyewitness story.

Seven or eight sports writers and some twenty other specialists (science, movies, press, homemaking, etc.) would round out our reporting staff. If this seems a large number of specialists, may we remark that in 1946 the *New York Post* (circulation 250,000) had thirty-eight columnists, from Harold Ickes to Earl Wilson—and columnists are not cheap.

We have no prejudice against rewrite men, but there would not be many of them on our paper. Part of the feel and understanding of a story

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MADAM IS DEAD *Robert Terrall* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Stabbing of "café" proprietress in newly liberated French town starts AMG capt. and WAD sergeant on mad, exciting, and dangerous quest.	No dull moments in this unabashed, kaleidoscopic, fantastically peopled, incredibly believable yarn of shameless ladies, whimsical cut-throats, and energetic sleuths.	Hair—(and eyebrow) raising!
ATOMIC MURDER *Leonard Gribble* (Ziff-Davis: $1.98)	Murder of British industrialist and theft of top-secret data on atomic power give Supt. Slade of Scotland Yard perilous moments.	Double-life of chief murderee leads detectives down various interesting paths—but outcome is far from unexpected, and plot creaks.	Fair
NIGHT WALK *Elizabeth Daly* (Rinehart: $2.)	Two murders in secluded, inbred New England village give smooth-working Henry Gamadge case to try his mettle.	Attractive background, some neat characterizations, sharp-eyed sleuthing, and plot that moves imperturbably to fairly unexpected conclusion.	Standard brand
SEARCH FOR A SCIENTIST *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2.)	Following Marseille murder of American Intelligence officer hunting for German nuclear-fission expert, job is turned over to free-lancer Kilgerrin.	Some pungent pictures of contemporary French demi - monde, several corpses, competing agents, frequent fracases, tragic romance, and numerous odd characters.	Easy reading
DEATH OF A BULLIONAIRE *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.50)	Young second wife and grown sons—one amative, 'tother greedy—suspects in shooting of Texas cattle-king. Jess Roden investigates.	Not major Roden case—too easy to guess—but handled with color, honesty, and reality that distinguish this writer.	Satisfying
DEVIL TAKE THE FOREMOST *Thomas Kinney* (Crime Club: $2.)	Desire for up-state N. Y. estate "inheritance" leads to diabolical attacks on life of its unborn heir—for which plotter pays.	Adult material, fearlessly handled; possibly overdone. Suspense quotient high; characters, mostly psychotic, ably drawn. Prime contender for "psychological crime-story" laurels.	Arresting
POP GOES THE QUEEN *Bob Wade & Bill Miller* (Farrar-Straus: $2.50)	Conovers' efforts to find out what all shooting's about are amusing and pay-off spectacular, but yarn is quite unconvincing.	John and bride "Sin" Conover, vacationing at Cal desert resort are mistaken for another couple and figure in several fatalities.	Sketchy

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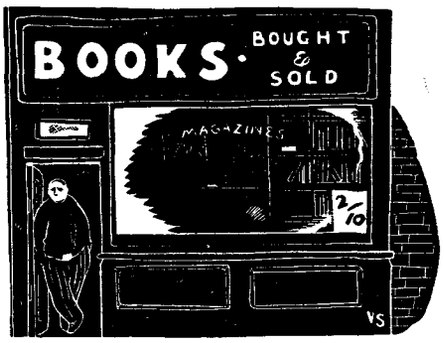


is lost when it is written at second hand. Furthermore, a reporter should be something more than a leg man; he ought to be a high-calibre observer who can dig out and write the story as he sees it. Instead of leg men, we would have a group of editorial assistants not now employed by any newspaper that we know of; researchers such as are used by *Time* and *Newsweek*. Their job would be to provide reporters and writers with brief digests of long reports, look up facts in books and encyclopedias, get information by telephone and interviews, and verify facts of which the reporter is not sure. Such researchers can save writers' and editors' time and thus make possible more effective use of the paper's high-priced talents.

The copy desk is a problem. Copy readers on most newspapers are charged with the duty of "tightening up" and editing reporters' copy—often with distressing results. On a paper whose reporters were all capable writers, this would be unnecessary. We would adopt the practice of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, which does not permit copy readers to edit reporters' copy. The general news editor and department heads would do the editing and any necessary cutting for space, whenever possible in consultation with the writer. The copy reader's function would be to question points in the story that seemed unclear and to write headlines.

As we suggested in an earlier chapter, a board of editors would decide editorial policies. But experience shows that a great newspaper needs a great editor at its head, a Horace Greeley, Charles Dana, Joseph Pulitzer, Carr Van Anda, or O. K. Bovard. The late O. K. Bovard, managing editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, seems to us close to the ideal; he was not only a journalistic genius but a man of tremendous integrity and keen social conscience. The challenging kind of paper we are proposing is more likely to attract men of his stature than is countinghouse journalism.

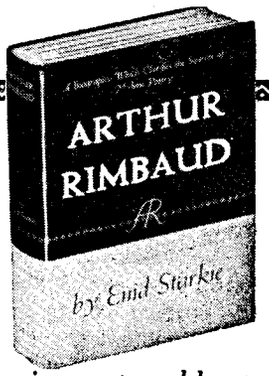
We are setting our sights for a high order of talent from the editor down through the whole staff. Such talent is not now generally available to newspapers. Topnotch reporters like Vincent Sheean (a free lance), John Hersey, and A. J. Liebling have quit news journalism because they have greater freedom of expression and can make a good deal more money lecturing and writing for magazines than in newspaper work.

Newspaper salaries, thanks to the Guild, have risen in recent years. But the prevailing pay for experienced reporters on big-city papers is in the neighborhood of $4,000 to $5,000 a year, and the top is not much over $10,000. At such salaries, newspapers cannot hope to get top writing talent. We expect that we would have to pay $10,000 to $25,000 a year to get some of the reporters we want for our paper, but we are also confidene that it would be worthwhile. The late Heywood Broun, in his heyday, got $30,000 or more a year from the *New York World-Telegram*, and he was worth every cent of it in circulation.

Newspapermen, working under fierce daily competition, are subject to such nervous strain that many burn out after a few years. It should be a cornerstone of staff policy to keep writers and editors interested in their jobs and to give them adequate rest. Newsmen, like teachers, might well benefit from sabbatical leaves with pay. A leave spent in travel or writing a book would increase a newspaperman's value to his paper. It goes without saying that a model newspaper would protect its staff with health insurance and pensions.

Better pay and security will not automatically create an effective staff of newspapermen. Also needed are better methods of selecting and developing them. The traditional copy-boy-to-reporter route for breaking into the newspaper business is a hit or miss system that produces very uneven results. Under that system the lad who is a hustler and has an eye for a hot story is most likely to make the staff. But it does not give nearly enough weight to maturity, education, or understanding.

THE journalism school route, unfortunately, is not yet the complete answer, either. A properly organized school might do the necessary training job, but the present journalism schools, although they have come a long way in their fifty-year history, still fall short of the mark. They devote too much time to the strictly trade-school type of course. A certain amount of writing technique can be taught, but some schools have developed all sorts of specialized trade courses, often meaningless and duplications of each other. Most of the



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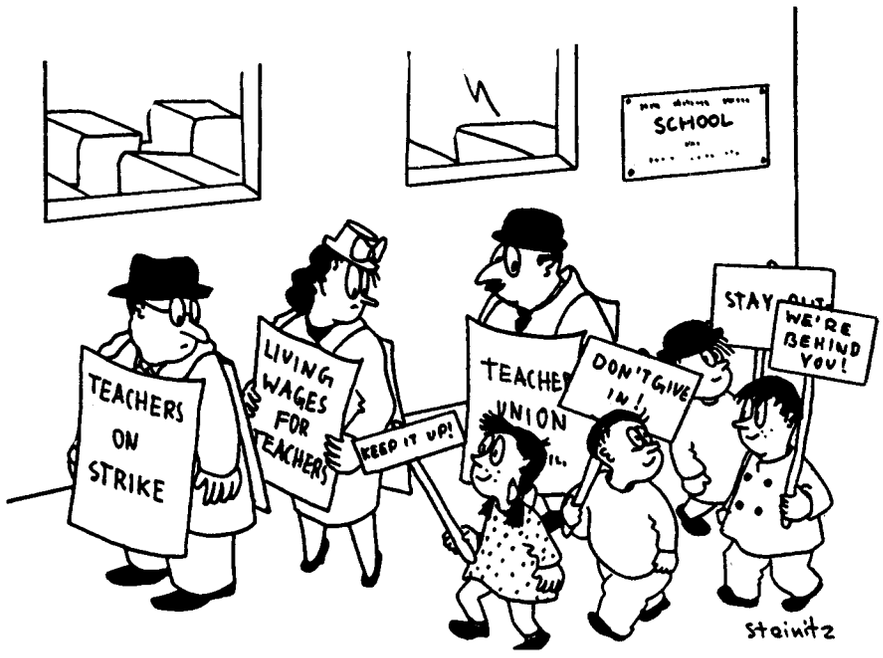
schools recognize the importance of education in the social sciences. Among the so-called Class A journalism schools, about one-fourth of a student's program is devoted to journalism courses, the rest is conventional courses in the arts and sciences. But in the journalism courses there is too much attention to the technique of the news story and not enough to the raw material from which the news is fashioned—current history, anthropology, sociology, contemporary issues and institutions, politics, crime, health, etc.

It is often argued that a good newspaperman cannot be picked by rule of thumb: he must have certain indefinable qualities which are hard to measure. That is undoubtedly true. But even if it be true that a good newspaperman is born and not made, it would certainly not destroy his usefulness as a journalist to require him to meet certain minimum standards of education and information. It should be possible for newspapers to set up some kind of test—a college degree or one from the right kind of journalism school, or examinations for the self-educated—to determine whether a candidate fulfils these minimum requirements. From the candidates who passed such tests, newspapers could then select those who seemed to possess the other, indefinable qualities. An able newshawk, prospective or already employed, who lacked the minimum of education, might be encouraged or required to study to make up his deficiency to obtain promotion.

WHAT would it cost to publish such a paper? Exact estimates are hard to arrive at; newspaper publishers are secretive about their cost figures. But from available information we can make a reasonably close approximation.

Assuming a paper of 250,000 circulation daily and 300,000 Sundays, averaging forty pages daily and about twice that on Sunday, the total annual operating cost, by a unit cost estimate, would come to about $6,000,000 (considering rises in costs since 1941). This figure agrees with an actual report we obtained for a certain prosperous, large-city newspaper in the 250,000-circulation class. In that case the paper's operating cost, not counting distribution amortization of its investment, or equipment replacements, was approximately $6,000,000. The paper had a plant valued with equipment at $5,000,000. Its gross annual revenue was $3,500,000 from circulation and $9,500,000 from advertising.

When you break down the cost of publishing a newspaper into its various parts, you immediately discover a striking fact: editorial costs constitute a relatively small part—normally about one-sixth of the total expense. The editorial costs of our paper would undoubtedly be higher than this average. How much higher, it would be hard to say until the paper was set up; part of our increased outlay in higher pay for reporters would be made up by buying fewer syndicated features. But clearly even a substantial (25 per cent to 50 per cent) increase in editorial expense would be a comparatively small part of the total cost of the paper.



Can newspapers afford to spend more on their editorial product? We say they not only can but must, if they are to maintain a product of high enough quality to compete with magazines, radio, etc. It must be remembered that papers have steadily raised their price and are becoming dependent on readers for an ever-larger percentage of their revenue.

It is harder to estimate the cost of starting a paper than to calculate operating costs. The figures we have cited are not much help, since $6,000,000 represents the annual cost after a paper has become well-established and is running enough advertising to support such an outlay. Operating costs at the start, for a thinner paper, obviously would be lower. Moreover, it would not be necessary to invest $5,000,000 in plant at the outset.

But there is no getting around the fact that publishing a city newspaper is big business, requiring big capital. The prosperous *Philadelphia Inquirer* when it was sold to the Curtis-Martin Newspapers in 1930, was reported to have brought $18,000,000. The less prosperous *Philadelphia Record*, plus two profitable but smaller papers in nearby Camden, N. J., and a radio station, were sold to the *Bulletin* in 1947 at a reported price of $13,000,000. Even a paper in a small city of 30,000 may cost more than $1,000,000.

So few new papers have been launched in recent years that there is little experience to go on. *PM* was started with $1,500,000, but that was not nearly enough; before the end of the first year, Marshall Field had to bail it out with additional capital.

At a guess, the hypothetical paper we have described would need an initial capital of at least $3,000,000, probably closer to $5,000,000 to assure it a good chance of success.

WELL, there is our blueprint. Like all blueprints, it is subject to a good deal of argument about details. We have been happily surprised, however, at the large amount of agreement we have found, even on details, among ourselves and our consultants. In any case, whatever the newspaper we have tried to picture might eventually look like in detail—and certainly the plan should be flexible enough to enable the newspaper to live and grow—we all agree on certain basic things it must have: Confidence in and the confidence of its readers; a sense of responsibility for informing them, rather than just entertaining or exciting them; a concern for the background and perspective that transcends the day's headlines; a staff consisting of the ablest writers and editors who can be found, and editorial management which respects and makes full use of the special abilities and knowledge of the staff.

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the Phoenix Nest

STOCKPILE

FROM out the earth the ore is sped.
The furnaces glow fiercely red.
Wheels turn and stop and turn again
With scientific regimen.
Fine measurements are made of mass,
And solids hover close to gas.
Then, by a knowing, trusted few,
The formula is followed through
And, at some hour of night or morn,
Another atom bomb is born.

The stockpile rises ever higher,
A monument, a mighty pyre
To mark, as once the pyramid,
The sphynx, and the colossus did,
The spot where man, a little length,
Mistook his sinews for his strength.

RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

It is interesting today to read in Macaulay of the time when James II revived the Court of High Commission by which the whole government of the Church of England was entrusted to seven Commissioners:

> All who depended for bread on situations in the Church or in academical institutions, from the Primate down to the youngest curate, from the Vicechancellors of Oxford and Cambridge down to the humblest pedagogue who taught Corderius, were subjected to this despotic tribunal. If any one of those many thousands was suspected of doing or saying anything distasteful to the government, the Commissioners might cite him before them. In their mode of dealing with him they were fettered by no rule. They were themselves at once prosecutors and judges. The accused party was to be furnished with no copy of the charge. He was to be examined and crossexamined. If his answers did not give satisfaction, he was liable to be suspended from his office, to be ejected from it, to be pronounced incapable of holding any preferment in future.

How history repeats itself, how methods repeat themselves! How easily the above formula could be adapted to so-called democracies. People still depend for their bread on "situations," not necessarily in the Church! Despotic tribunals still exist to deprive them of their civil rights. But, of course, the day is past, isn't it, when Commissioners can "execute their office notwithstanding any law which might be, or might seem to be, inconsistent with these regulations," as Macaulay so nicely puts it? The Long Parliament had once freed the English

people from that terrible court (his adjective), yet one of the worst kings in English history found it easy to revive it. Jeffreys, that sweet cookie, was Lord Chancellor. He now became chief Commissioner. We rather shudder as we read this chapter. We thank God that people are no longer persecuted in the name of religion. Today, to be sure, they are merely persecuted for other matters. The same kind of thing goes on.

* * *

Who will write a good sonnet on a librarian? Once in a *Wilson Library Bulletin* there was a delightful article by Mary Yust Rothman, formerly librarian at the Chelsea Vocational High School in New York City, pointing out how Hollywood had taken up the librarian lately. She spoke of Virginia Mayo in technicolor, and said that if Garson got Gable she got him in a library, wearing glasses. In "Spellbound" Ingrid Bergman was taken for a librarian, in a hotel lobby. Quoth Miss Rothman, "Librarians, we have *glamor!*" As for the stage, there's Helen Hayes in "Happy Birthday." I liked the title of the article, too. "There's Figures in Them Dewey Decimals."

* * *

The following query comes from Mildred E. Haylor, 209 E. Tenth Street, Bartlesville, Oklahoma:

> I am an avid reader of the *SRL* in general, and your column in particular—have been for ten years. Now can you help me? I am looking for a book by the name of "Snowshoe Al's Bedtime Stories." Don't let the title mislead you. They are the funniest bedtime stories I ever read. The copy I had the good luck to run onto was very old and decrepit. Several pages were missing—the most important ones, and the cover so badly torn, the publisher was not there. I have no idea who wrote it. I would venture to say it was written ten or maybe twenty years ago. If this is not within your realm, would you direct it to the person who could give me the name of the author and the publisher and whether or not a copy is available?

* * *

Funny that there hasn't been more of a hurrah from our jaded book-reviewers over Francis Brett Young's "The Island." There's a *marvelous*, huge, long poem of great variety! Brett Young, in fact, as well as being a stalwart novelist, was always a notable poet. One of the most extraordinary fantastic poems of recent years, (*Famous Fantastic Mysteries* take note!) akin to operatic music, is his "Thamar" which appeared in his "Poems 1916-1918" and was dedicated to Thamar Karsavina. In the same book are three beautiful sonnets to Lydia Lopokova and three or four short poems that have been quoted for a long time. Yet he is almost unknown to our snooty modern arbiters. The amount they miss!

* * *

I have been rereading "When the Sleeper Wakes," called in England, "The Sleeper Awakes," by the late H. G. Wells. I first read it in the old *Harper's Weekly* when I was a boy, where it appeared serially, and I wish I could remember who did the striking illustrations for it there, of all the moving ways and cables. The book was written in 1898 and the English edition I picked up second-hand has a brief preface written by Wells in 1921. By that time he regarded the book as a rather juvenile "fantasia of possibility." But there are Flying Stages in his weird tale, and a new note to Chapter XXIV says, "These chapters were written fifteen years before there was any fighting in the air, and eleven before there was an aeroplane in the air." They called them aeroplanes back in 1921!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Van Dorn, in "High Tor," by Maxwell Anderson. 2. William Magee, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," by Earl Derr Biggers. 3. Ernest, in "The Great Stone Face," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 4. Chips, in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," by James Hilton. 5. Hans Castorp, in "The Magic Mountain," by Thomas Mann. 6. Ellery Queen, in "The Siamese Twin Mystery," by Ellery Queen. 7. Harry Van, in "Idiot's Delight," by Robert Sherwood, 8. Mr. Craig, in "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," by Frank Stockton. 9. Martin Ordway, in "The White Tower," by James Ramsey Ullman. 10. Brunhild, in "Die Walküre," by Richard Wagner.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 705

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

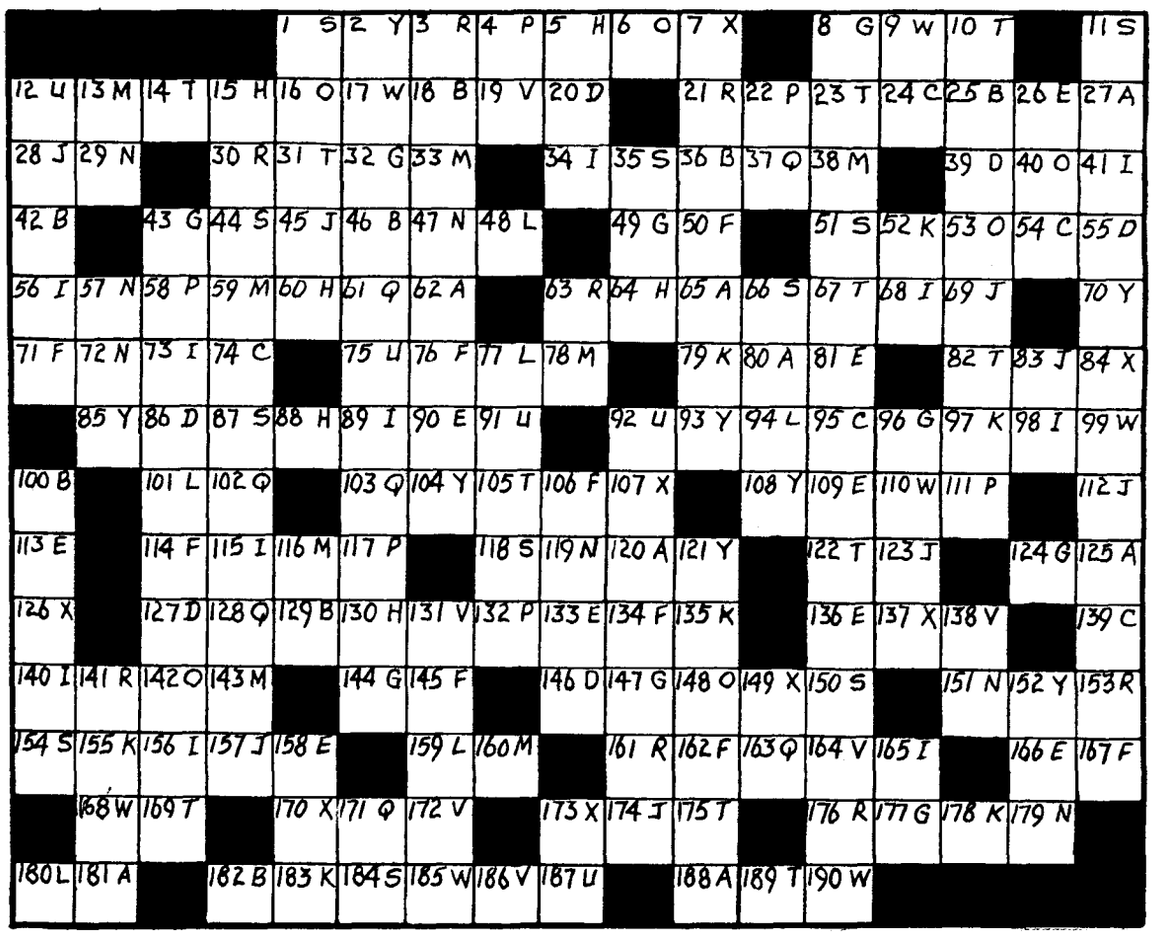
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The sperm whale.	65 120 62 188 125 80 27 181
B. Piecemeal (3 wds.).	25 36 129 18 100 182 46 42
C. American woman poet of Maryland (1856-1935).	54 24 95 139 74
D. Sufficient.	20 39 55 86 127 146
E. A dark-blue variety of cuproplumbite (Mineral.).	166 81 133 158 26 90 109 136 113
F. Rough dressing by knocking off projections (Quarrying).	167 114 76 145 50 71 106 134 162
G. Punk; spunk; dried fungi used as tinder.	32 49 147 43 8 124 144 177 96
H. Applied to the heaven of fixed stars (Syrian astrology, as current in Roman Empire).	64 5 88 130 15 60
I. Overpowering (Slang); ravaging.	68 156 73 41 34 140 98 165 89 115 56
J. A present or offering; tax (East India).	45 123 157 83 28 174 69 112
K. Mother of Arthur by Uther (Arthurian legends).	52 135 155 79 97 178 183
L. Inflammation of the shoulder (Med.).	101 94 159 77 180 48

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Egyptian goddess of the dead, sister of Isis and wife of Seth (Egypt. Relig.).	160 116 59 33 38 78 143 13
N. A freckle.	179 151 119 47 57 72 29
O. A species of weasel prized for its fur.	40 142 148 16 6 53
P. English actor and dramatist, collaborator with Dekker, Heywood, etc. (1585?-1642).	132 22 117 4 111 58
Q. Flimsy; a transparent lawn.	103 61 37 102 128 171 163
R. Work by Wendell Willkie.	153 21 161 30 141 63 3 176
S. Freeing oneself from (2 wds.).	181 51 87 66 35 11 150 154 44 184 1
T. Adorned with figures having significance, as distinct from scrolls, etc.	122 189 10 82 169 67 31 14 23 105 175
U. English writer of stories for children (1841-85).	187 75 92 12 91
V. A crab that has begun to shed its shell.	164 138 131 19 172 186
W. Of or pertaining to NH_3 or NH_4 (Chem.).	17 110 190 185 168 9 99
X. A yearling sheep.	126 137 84 149 107 173 170 7
Y. Last name of pseudonym used by Thackeray for many years.	108 2 121 93 70 152 85 104

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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Saturday Review
OF RECORDINGS

IMPRESSIONS

JOHN HAMMOND, JR., is a young man with a capacity for getting maximum enjoyment from his work, which happens to be his play as well. At one time or another, he has been employed by most of the important record companies, always to his pleasure, and sometimes to their profit. Here he has managed, by some biological formula known only to himself, to combine the qualities of queen bee and gadfly.

Now that he has his own Keynote Company, Hammond has faced up boldly to another responsibility of a record maker, and not flinched. It was he, if a reminder is necessary, who persuaded Columbia to list the personnel of a jazz orchestra on a record label for the first time back in the Thirties, thus giving public fame to such men as Gene Krupa and Charlie Barnett, Artie Shaw and Bunny Berigan, when custom required mention only of the leader. One may read his reasoning as follows: If a musician can get label credit as an "arranger" merely for crossing out the choral parts of a Smetana polka and thus converting it into an orchestral piece, or be honored as a "transcriber" on the strength of passing out enough parts of a Beethoven quartet for performance by a string orchestra, why shouldn't the supervising engineer of a recording session be identified? Granted that he has no "box office" value; should his name be withheld simply because he is, aside from the composer and performers, the most important man at a recording session?

One or two, it is true, have attained public repute by means no less than heroic. Fred Gaisberg, of H. M. V., comes to mind because his services extend over nearly four decades, and he befouled the obscurity of his clan by writing a book of reminiscences. Nevertheless one who listens to the Glyndebourne "Figaro" does not say to himself "Ah! that Gaisberg touch—what delicacy, what registration, what purity of sound." He simply murmurs something about the superiority of "British recording methods," as if they were something immutable and transcendant like the Dover cliffs.

Hammond, comprising in himself a modest one-man revolution, has ruled that this shall be no more. He has boldly stated that the recording of Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks" concerto (Keynote DM1), is a turkey or a triumph according to the skill of Robert Fine. We hold it a triumph, but one which requires Engineer Fine to do as well or better, next time.

It would be well if all firms seriously concerned with the repute of their products would likewise identify the handiwork of the engineer with each new release. It would, in the first place, stimulate the pride of those gentlemen in the products of their labor, which wouldn't be bad; it would eventually establish some heirarchy of professional skill; and it would, finally, do away with such evasive locutions as "Victor engineers" or "Columbia technicians" in evaluating the finished product.

IRVING KOLODIN,
Editor, *SRL Recordings.*

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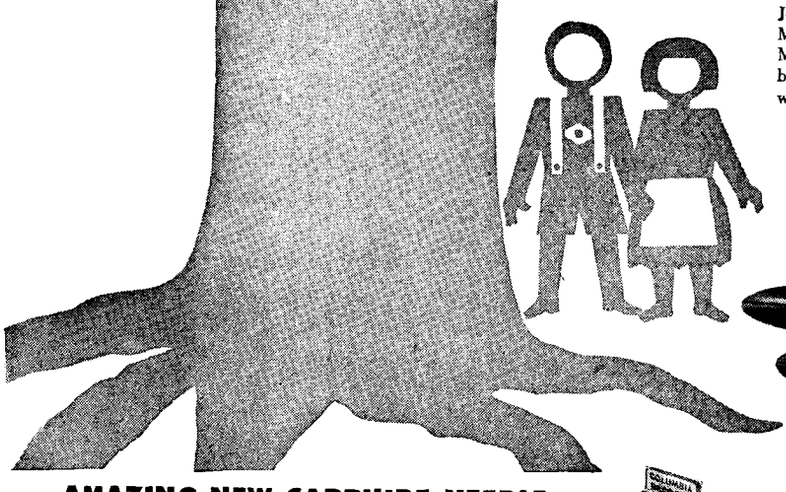

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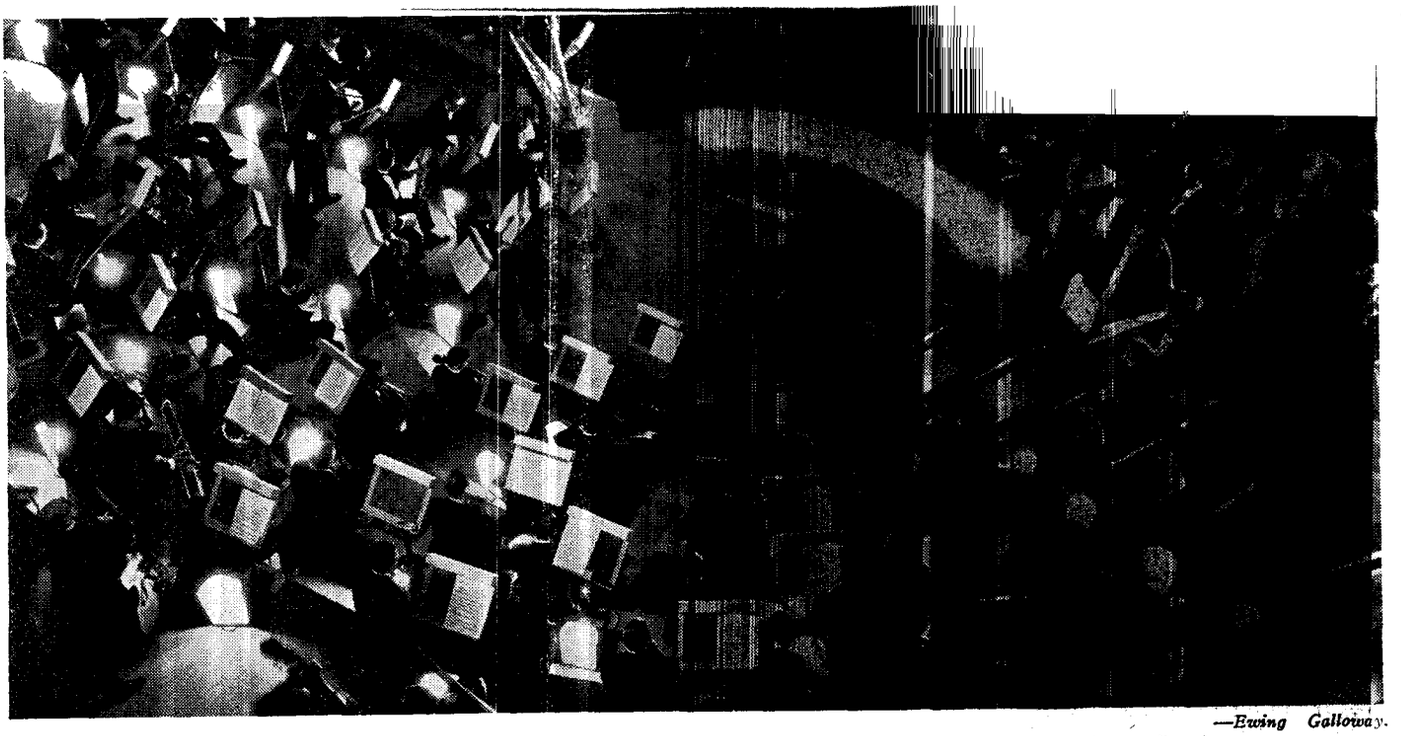

—Ewing Galloway.

Howard Hanson: "The public knows what it likes, but it can like only what it knows."

Why American Music Needs Pioneers

HOWARD HANSON

WE ARE accustomed to accept without challenge the facile statement that music is a "universal" language. Perhaps it is; but it is also a complex and difficult language when it employs a vocabulary beyond the monosyllabic variety. Aural concentration is difficult even for the musician and infinitely more difficult for the layman. This may explain, at least in part, the amazing stagnation which characterizes much of our musical repertory. The same symphonies, sonatas, operas are performed over and over again, perhaps because the public can seemingly stand almost endless repetition before reaching the saturation point. (There is some evidence that in the case of certain works osmosis has finally begun to take place!)

Conversely, since the acceptance of a new musical composition by the general public is dependent upon repeated performances, the status of contemporary music is highly vulnerable. A new symphony may be played by one of our major orchestras for an audience of a few thousand people. This performance may be followed by performances in other cities. It may indeed be performed by so many orchestras that it comes to be regarded as a "successful" work; and yet it has in fact made only a first impression upon a few thousand people. If the work has the beneficent aid of radio it may reach many times that number of listeners. However, unless the work is repeated, not once but many times, the chance of its becoming sufficiently familiar to insure its general acceptance by the public is slight. Since at least in the symphonic field, too many conductors are avid collectors of "first performances" the prospects of repeated performances of new works are not bright.

IF, ON the other hand, our hypothetical symphony is recorded and made available to the general public its status is greatly altered. It now has a fighting chance of making its way to popular acceptance. Not only may it now be purchased by the individual record buyer, an increasing number of whom are becoming interested in contemporary music, but it may be broadcast in hundreds of radio symphonic hours over the country. It may be heard many times by many thousands of people, some of whom will come to know it well and accept its message as something quite as important to them as the music of the past.

This is especially true of the younger generation of music lovers. In many cities where I have conducted American music I have talked with young people after the concerts and have been amazed at the extent of their acquaintance with my own music and the music of some of my contemporaries such as Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, Samuel Barber, and others. They discuss this music with an ease and assurance which can come only from a knowledge of the music itself. In some instances they have come to know this music through self performance, but in most cases their knowledge has come from repeated listening to recordings.

The history of the recording of the serious music of the composers of the United States has been a stormy one. Recording is a comparatively new art-science and a good part of its early history had to do with the overcoming of technical-mechanical difficulties—a battle against the vagaries of sound transmission, resonance, and the like which is still being carried forward. The early recorded repertory was, perhaps naturally, not highly experimental in a musical sense but was confined largely to the recording of the accepted repertory. Since the concert stage was itself not greatly concerned at that time with contemporary American music the recorded repertory reflected this condition. As late as the Thirties, many outstanding works of distinguished American composers were still absent from the record catalogues.

When I assumed the directorship of the Eastman School of Music in 1924 it was with the understanding that one of the important objectives of the institution should be the development of the musical-creative forces of the

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country. This implied not only the teaching of young composers and the setting up of an orchestral "laboratory" for the performance of new works, but also the propagation of American music through performance and publication.

In the Thirties it became apparent that the greatest single medium for informing the American public of its own music was being neglected. A careful survey of the orchestral repertory over a fifty-year period showed that there were many works by American composers which had been performed by the majority of the symphony orchestras of the country, but comparatively few had been recorded. Therefore in 1939 the Eastman School of Music embarked on a recording project whereby certain of these works should be made available in recordings.

A beginning was made with American composers of prime historic significance: John Knowles Paine, George Chadwick, Edward MacDowell, Charles Martin Loeffler, Charles Skilton, and Charles Tomlinson Griffes, composers whose works were generally unavailable in recorded form. Works by important younger composers such as Leo Sowerby, Aaron Copland, Bernard Rogers, Burrill Phillips, William Grant Still, Wayne Barlow, William Bergsma, and others were also recorded. The response from the public was gratifying. The interest of record buyers became apparent in the most practical manner, through the evidence of record sales.

The first blow to this project came with the ban on all recordings by the American Federation of Musicians. A recording program of this type is necessarily a long-range project and to be ultimately successful must have continuity. Twenty-seven works had been recorded when the ban became effective and though these recordings demonstrated their value the sense of continuity was temporarily lost. Hardly had the ban on recording been lifted when the scarcity of labor and the shortage of materials brought on by the war made immediate resumption of the project impractical. The recording companies fell back upon a highly restricted diet and any further advance was for the time at an end.

The conclusion of the war brought to the recording industry, as to all other industries the familiar problems of reconversion. The available stock of American recordings previously pressed had, for the most part, been sold. The recordings disappeared from circulation if not from the record catalogues. This past year, however, has shown evidence of a renewed interest in American recordings. Old recordings are being re-pressed and re-issued. New recordings from both Columbia and Victor of works by Bernstein, Blitzstein, Copland, Randall Thompson, Piston, and others have begun to appear. Within the next year the Eastman School will resume its collaboration with Victor in the recording of American music. These developments may all be regarded as signs which give us reason to hope that much of the significant American music may eventually be available in recordings.

As to the direction which these

recordings will take, I can only express my personal hope that neither the composer of the past nor the composer of today will be neglected. There are still American composers of the past whose music is comparatively unknown to the majority of music lovers. Even so important a work as Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima" has, so far as I know, never been recorded. Indeed I know of no work by this important figure in American music available in recordings. This is but one of many instances of our neglect of the distinguished figures of our musical past. In the field of contemporary music there are many significant composers who are entirely unrepresented in recordings. At the same time some of the most important works of our best-known composers are still unrecorded. To cite but one example, among the compositions awarded the coveted Pulitzer prize, only one has been recorded.

That recordings are of primary importance in the propagation of American music cannot be doubted. The music public may know what it likes, but it can like only what it knows —and knows well. There is evidence for the optimistic belief that this fundamental philosophy is gradually being understood and accepted. With its acceptance should come a new opportunity for the American composer, and the possibility that the United States may choose at the cross-roads the direction which leads to creation; that our country, too, may make its own contribution to the world's store of beauty from which she has so long been a borrower.

American Music on Records

A Recommended List

Barber: "Adagio" (Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra, V-11-8287) "Symphony No. 1" (Walter and the Philharmonic-Symphony, Columbia Set X252)

Bernstein: "Jeremiah Symphony" (The composer conducting the St. Louis Symphony, V-set 1026)

Copland: "Appalachian Spring" (Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, V-set 1046) "Lincoln Portrait" (Rodzinski and the Philharmonic-Symphony, C-set X266)

Foote: "Suite in E" (Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, V-set 962)

Griffes: "Poem" for flute and orchestra (Howard Hanson and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony, V-11-8349) "By a lonely forest pathway" (Eleanor Steber, V-10-1071)

Hanson: "Symphony No. 1" (The composer and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony, V-set 973)

Harris: "Quartet No. 3" (Roth Quartet, Columbia set 450)

Ives: "Barn Dance (Nicolas Slonimsky and the Pan-American Orchestra, New Music Quarterly No. 1013)

MacDowell: "Concerto No. 2" (Jesús Maria Sanromá, with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler, V-Set 324)

Piston: "Incredible Flutist" (Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, V-set 621)

Schuman: "American Festival Overture" (Hans Kindler and the National Symphony Orchestra, V-18511)

Still: "Scherzo" from Afro-American Symphony (Stokowski and the All-American Orchestra, C-11992)

Taylor: "Through the Looking Glass" (Howard Barlow and the CBS Orchestra, Columbia set 350)

Thomson: "Plow that Broke the Plains" (Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony, Victor set 1116)

White: "Five Miniatures" (Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, V-4429).

I. K.

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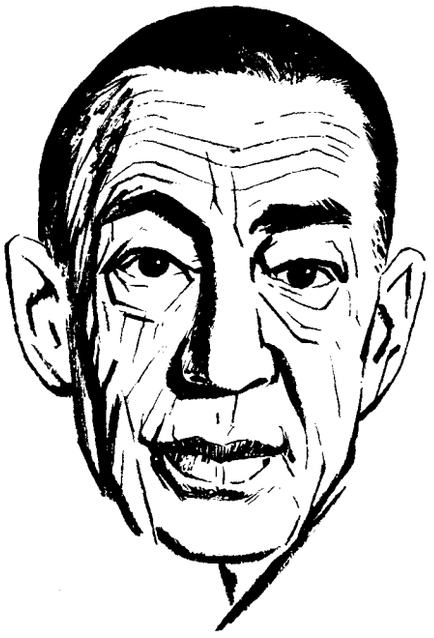

RACHMANINOFF: "I Am Here..."

CHARLES O'CONNELL

RACHMANINOFF was invincibly convinced of the rectitude of his musical ideas and with the most implacable determination would enforce them upon his colleagues. Where he could not do this with reasonable amiability on both sides, he simply wouldn't play. This, as he told me himself, was why he would not play with Toscanini, and I think it is fair to infer that the same reason accounted for the extreme rarity of his appearances with Koussevitzky. He preferred Ormandy to anyone, though he collaborated successfully and in the most friendly fashion with Stokowski. Ormandy has always been the delight and Stokowski the terror of soloists, but Rachmaninoff was not one to be terrified. I remember once when he had been called for rehearsal at eleven in the morning, he appeared with his customary punctuality and found Mr. Stokowski in the midst of rehearsing a Tchaikovsky symphony. Rachmaninoff, who in spite of his apparent *sangfroid* had a very sensitive nervous system, paced up and down off stage for perhaps three minutes while Stokowski continued to rehearse; then, as if suddenly coming to a conclusion, he ambled out on the stage, sat down at the piano, and banged out a few thunderous chords in the middle of Stokowski's Tchaikovsky. The conductor, of course, stopped the orchestra immediately. Rachmaninoff, looking up at him with a face of stone, rumbled in his basso-profundo, "The piano is here; I am here; it is eleven o'clock. Let us rehearse." The maestro meekly obeyed.

* * *

Socially Toscanini can be, and usually is, charming and gracious either as host or as guest. His conversation concerns little but music, and tends to develop into a monologue, not so much because he insists upon having the floor as because others would as a rule prefer to listen to him than talk themselves. If he is in a pleasant mood he is very easy to entertain, and you'll usually find him before long in animated and perhaps exclusive conversation with the most attractive lady present. He can make a flattering gesture with lordly grace, and accept one in quite the same manner. He is completely conscious of his importance, and accepts tributes to it with the most disarming simplicity. Occasionally he asserts it. In one instance, related to me by Dr. Bergman, husband of Kerstin Thorborg, and himself an opera singer and manager, the maestro evidently wished to subdue a certain star tenor in a Swedish opera house, but was somewhat handicapped by language difficulties. He finally turned to Bergman and shouted, "Ask that man if he knows who I am, and tell him to get to hell off the stage." Bergman did as commanded, and the tenor drew himself up to his full height and shouted just as violently, "Tell him yes and no." Toscanini discharged Adriatic lightnings from his eyes, then suddenly laughed and proceeded with the rehearsal.

* * *

In a conversation one night at his house at Gladwynne, near Philadelphia, I was indiscreet enough to tease Ormandy about his claims to violinistic virtuosity, and succeeded only in eliciting stronger claims. Finally Gene, somewhat nettled, offered to show me, and I took him up on it. He excavated a violin—and a beautiful one too—from an old trunk in his bedroom, tuned it, tucked it under his chin, and said with a malicious gleam in his eye, "What will you have?" Actually I didn't want any fiddling at the moment, and thinking I could call his bluff safely I suggested the Bach Chaconne. I know no music for the violin that so thoroughly and cruelly exploits the resources of the instrument and still remains noble and profound music.

Mr. Ormandy without hesitation dug into that instrument and gave a performance that, under the circumstances, was dazzling. I knew he hadn't played for years. I knew of course that he must have been at least a *good* violinist, but I wasn't, up to that moment, convinced that he had ever been a great one. I am now. I have heard performances by current geniuses of the instrument that weren't as good as Gene's. It wasn't perfect, to be sure; who ever played the Chaconne perfectly? But it was sure and sound and brilliant and thoughtful; even the man who quietly joined us while Gene played concurred in my opinion. He can play the Chaconne too. His name: J. Heifetz.

* * *

One night at dinner in Serge Koussevitzky's home, then in Brookline, the conversation turned, as it will among conductors, to the subject of conductors. Perhaps I should say it turned *around* the subject of conductors, for, in fact, it never got very far from that (to conductors) inexhaustible topic. Another guest, a Russian who has a particularly warm devotion to Koussevitzky, rather unctuously held forth on the thesis that Koussevitzky is a conductor of integrity, of intellectual honesty — in a word, not only an honest musician, but the *only* honest conductor. As the panegyric progressed in length and

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fulsomeness I could see our host's embarrassment. Such a tribute delivered privately from one uninhibited Russian extrovert to another might have been acceptable and even welcome; but poured out within the hearing of one who was on intimate terms with Koussevitzky, his colleagues, rivals, friends, and enemies—myself—it could have been dangerous and certainly was painful both to the conductor and to me.

Koussevitzky finally and with some difficulty interrupted the eulogy and said: "No, my dear, you are wrong. There are *many* honest conductors." His worshipper indignantly inquired: "But Uncle Serge, who are they then?" Koussevitzky answered: "Well, there is—now let me see; first of all, we can certainly name—now let me think a moment—." Then, preparing to count on his fingers, Koussevitzky said: "I will name them for you; ha, an honest conductor, eh? *Da.* Their names would be—Natachok," (to his wife, with an innocent air) "who, beside me, is an honest conductor?" The point of this story is not the one that our flattering friend so gleefully emphasizes on any and all occasions as evidence of the egocentricity of Koussevitzky. Rather, judging by the malicious gleam in our host's eye, it was evident that his apparently innocent question was a rather subtle bit of mockery directed at all conductors, including himself.

From Sound Track to Disc

BERNARD HERRMANN

THE upward struggle of film music for a recognized place in the esthetic sun is best reflected by the recording companies. Each month sees the appearance of discs, both from America and abroad, containing background music from a picture. This is not "popular" or "hit" music in any commercial sense. Rather, it is usually turgidly symphonic, often in a modern style, sometimes uncompromisingly dissonant, with nothing to recommend it to the public except its immediate association with a picture. Yet these records prove popular. They sell extremely well, and some even get into the reprint category.

At hand are five new releases of this type, ranging from Walton's music for "Henry V" to Rozsa's score for "The Red House." As a film composer, I am naturally both interested and impressed by these recordings, in themselves helpful signs for my profession. Yet, listening to them raises several questions in my mind—questions which I am sure the composers must have asked themselves before allowing their efforts to see the light of day.

I say "light of day" in a real sense, for film music, by its very nature, was meant to be heard only in the dark, from the flickering screen. The screen made it, and to the screen it belongs. The writer, the story editor, the director, the cameraman and the cutter—all had a hand somehow in its creation. A montage, a long lyric scene, a span of epic pageantry, a battle—these are things movie composers long for. But even so, they are generally brief and can be interrupted arbitrarily by the cutter. There is not much you can do, musically, with a battle that only lasts a minute on the screen, or a storm that peters out in thirty seconds. But such problems are faced daily by the boys in Hollywood and Shepherd's Bush.

For me, it is a necessity to see a film before judging the quality of a recorded score. Only then can one evaluate the peculiar problems posed, or the subtleties of orchestration and thematic development which the composer has conjured up. Notably such scores as "The Red House" music of Miklos Rozsa (Capitol album 48, $2.37) and Dimitri Tiomkin's score for "Duel in the Sun" (Victor M-1083, $4.20). Both were highly effective film scores, wedded to the screen action. Without Tiomkin's music, the fiercely rhythmic Orizaba dance in the Casino scene would have lost half its violence, Pearl Chavez's lonely trek across the desert to her lover would have been without grandeur or psychological significance. But this same music, which seemed in the theatre to supercharge the screen with its own power, has abstract excitement only if one can relive the scene, mentally, as it is heard from the record. The same is true of Rozsa's "Screams in the Night" sequence, as the frightened boy runs through the twilight woods. This, as I saw it in "The Red House," seemed a real high point in film music. To hear it alone without the photography, is to compare the roaring of the ocean with the rushing noise inside a sea shell.

It should be noted, too, that a composer for the films is often called upon to devise a style suitable to the idiom or atmosphere of a specific background. Thus, though I have not seen "Men of Two Worlds," for which Arthur Bliss wrote his "Baraza Rumba-Concerto" (English Decca, K.1174, $2), I know that the story required a work written by a Negro composer, educated in England but still strongly influenced by his native voodoo sources. As such, the concerto has very little of Arthur Bliss about it, but as a feat of musical imagination, it reveals the hand of a true artist.

One of the most satisfying of the year's film music releases is the handsome album from Walton's "Henry V" (Victor album 1128, $5.25). It is not a typical film score in any sense, for music was allotted an important, often a paramount position in this moving, brilliant tapestry of color and sound. But on records the music itself shrinks in size, compared to a memory of its brilliance in the theatre. Since the album features the spoken lines of Laurence Olivier, no attempt has been made to doctor the music for the records, and the Battle of Agincourt score even includes the wild neighing of the horses, a pure sound effect. Perhaps we will one day have a reworking of the music by Walton himself into a suite or perhaps a cantata. The epic nature of the music, and its great variety—I regret the omission of the lovely music of Falstaff's death—cry out for a treatment similar in stature to that which Prokofieff gave to his "Alexander Nevsky" movie music. (Columbia 580, $6.45).

Which brings us, perhaps, to the proper place for all ambitious film music—the legitimate concert-hall suite. The vogue for the kind of issue discussed herein, with the music in undigested form, gets it out in an accessible form, but hardly in an ideal way. Film composers are busy men, and scarcely inclined to take time off to assemble their bits and pieces into an art form. Some of them, too, working as they do constantly with short, effective episodes have lost the musical stamina to carry through a full-length piece. But it is only in such a way that a work can be produced that will stand on its own two feet, without the screen. One of the best examples is Virgil Thomson's "Plow that Broke the Plains" suite (Victor album 1116, $3). Here the composer has gathered together the various musical backgrounds of this famous documentary, and fused them into genuine structures, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. The result is a work that can be played anywhere, to the composer's pride and credit, as it is here under the direction of Leopold Stokowski.

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Leopold Stokowski and his Orchestra: *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor*—J. S. Bach. Record 11-9653, $1.00.

Ania Dorfmann, Pianist: *Un Sospiro*—Liszt; *Aufschwung*—Schumann. (Miss Dorfmann plays these selections in the sound track of the film, "The Other Love.") Record 11-9672, $1.00.

José Iturbi, Pianist: *Arabesque*—Schumann. Record 10-1325, 75¢.

Artur Rubinstein, Pianist: *Ritual Fire Dance* and *Dance of Terror* (both from "El Amor Brujo")—Falla. 10-1326, 75¢.

E. Robert Schmitz, Pianist: *Preludes, Book 2*—Debussy. M-1138, $5.25.

Jussi Bjoerling, Tenor: *Come un bel dì di Maggio* (from "Andrea Chénier")—Giordano; *Barcarola: Di' tu se fedele* (from "The Masked Ball")—Verdi. With Orchestra, Nils Grevillius, Conductor. Record 10-1323, 75¢.

Igor Gorin, Baritone: "*An Igor Gorin Program.*" Six selections. With Orchestra, Maximilian Pilzer, Conductor. Album M-1125, $3.00.

Christopher Lynch, Tenor: *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen; By the Old Turf Fire*. With Orchestra, Maximilian Pilzer, Conductor. 10-1316, 75¢.

Patrice Munsel, Soprano: "*A Patrice Munsel Program.*" Eight selections. With Al Goodman, his orchestra and the Guild Choristers. Album M-1130, $3.75.

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HITS AND MISSES

THOUGHTS on popular songs and singers, suggested by this month's batch of light records:

A popular song, like any other, sounds natural and unforced only when sung within a certain range of tempi. The range, of course, differs for different songs, but in general if a song is sung too rapidly its proper mood never gets established, while if the tempo is too slow the song seems turgid, strained, and the absurd is never far distant. When a singer drones out "S - o - m - e - b - o - d - y l-o-o-o-v-e-s- m-e" in a sticky adagio, the listener's irreverent response is apt to be "So what?"

The mucilaginous tempo is a besetting sin of popular music today. The sentimental side of that music has been getting slower and slower until it threatens to stop altogether. This may be pleasing to dancing couples who like to rock slowly together with their eyes closed, but if one is not rocking with his eyes closed the accompanying musical pace is trying indeed. It is bad enough when adopted by bad singers for bad songs, and especially annoying when an agreeable artist like Woody Herman applies it to the aforesaid classic. "Somebody Loves Me" (Columbia 37820, 75¢). Even so, Herman's singing has, as usual, so much healthy musicality—there is nothing maudlin or epicene—that he almost redeems his dirge-like tempo.

The matter of popular song phrasing also invites comment. A line of verse can be phrased naturally, colloquially—as, say, Mildred Bailey customarily does it—or it can be stretched out of natural shape for some fancied artistic effect. Perhaps no popular singer has indulged in more such distortion, and has had more imitators, than Billie Holliday. Miss Holliday is obviously a singer of feeling, and a striking thing to look upon, but her music has always been spoiled for this listener by her monotonous phrasing habit—and so has the music of others who have apparently gone to Miss Holliday's school. This month it is Sarah Vaughan, who offers one new song, "Lover Man," and three old ones, "I'm Through with Love," "Penthouse Serenade," and "I've Got a Crush on You" (Musicraft 499, 505, 80¢). The Holliday method is not so obvious here as it is with some other singers, but it mars a warm, vigorous, attractive talent.

Certain questions of interpretation also come to mind. If there is one thing quite clear about popular songs it is that even the best of them are not, like the German *lieder*, richly charged emotional utterances. When the lyricist of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" wrote

Now laughing friends deride
Tears I cannot hide

he scarcely expected anyone to choke up with feeling.

All this being so, it is clearly a mistake to sing popular songs as though they *were* poetically high powered, to bear down on such ideas as

Billie Holliday . . . "a striking thing to look upon."

I'm with you once more under the stars
And down by the shore there's an orchestra playing

as though it were the poetry of Grillparzer. In romantic numbers the finest popular singers, such as Bing Crosby and Mildred Bailey, have always, in effect, sung the tune, using the words merely as its vehicle. They give you the melody to carry in your head and make what romantic use of you will; they do not attempt to involve either themselves or you in the verbalisms of the song.

These considerations are pointed up by four of the most interesting sides of the month. They are light American favorites sung by the Continental café star, Greta Keller, on English Deccas, sold by Haynes-Griffin of New York City. Miss Keller is a finished artist with a fine contralto voice, and when she keeps her distance from the song's words, as in Kern's "The Touch of Your Hand" (M.607, $1.05) and Rodgers's "Falling in Love with Love" (M.608, $1.05) she gives appealing versions of those works; but when she leans a little too cozily into the sentiments, as in "The Very Thought of You" (M.608) and "Easy to Love" (M.607) the results are on the lush side.

The month affords a splendid example of how differently it is possible to treat the same popular song with complete success. Revivals are offered of two of the finest versions of "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams"—that of Bing Crosby (Decca 25193B, 79¢) and of Louis Armstrong (Columbia 37808, 79¢). The Crosby record is a prize example of popular musical delivery, as natural and delectable as the breeze; while the Armstrong work is full of the master trumpeter's

Greta Keller "leans a little too cozily into the sentiments."

most warmly melancholy invention.

If the foregoing strictures on popular music suggest that the month's gifts are scarce, the suggestion is correct. The comedian Danny Kaye proves to have a pleasant straight barbershop voice in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" (Decca 24110A, 79¢). An album of radio "Theme Songs" (Columbia C140, $3.75) contains two of this page's favorites, Claude Thornhill's "Snowfall" and Xavier Cugat's "My Shawl." Ella Fitzgerald, of Harlem, does an extremely robust job of scat (wordless) singing in "Oh Lady Be Good" and "Flying Home" (Decca 23956, 79¢); in her succession of stomp-rhythmic syllables I discovered musical references not only to various colored syncopators, reboppers, and otherwise, but also to "Martha," John Philip Sousa, "Dardanella," "Yankee Doodle," and "Horses."

WILBUR HOBSON.

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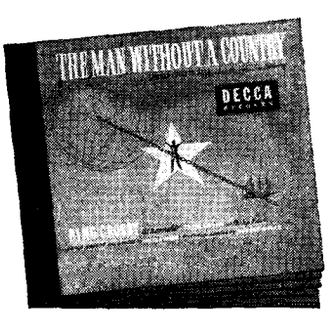

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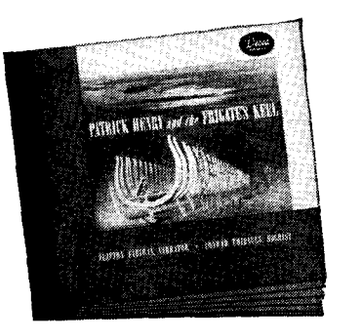

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Reviews of the Month

Beethoven and Bach, Berlioz and Borodin are the B's honored by current releases. Parched Mozartians may refresh themselves with a deluge of three concerted works, all great, all gratefully welcome. Note, too, a Stravinsky "first time" and Tchaikovsky, Ravel issues which might, but aren't likely to be, last times.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto in D for violin, played by Joseph Szigeti with Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album 697, $6.10).

There are so many occasions when the complacent critic carps, with cause, that the editorial cap should be ceremoniously doffed to Columbia for doing the ideal thing in its reissue of the Beethoven concerto. Joseph Szigeti has been assigned to replace his own old inimitable one, with the benefits of current recording to make it an even more vital thing than it was before. And with Sir Thomas Beecham, his former collaborator, out of reach, no more sympathetic or qualified choice of a conductor could be made than Bruno Walter.

For the soul-searchers who contemplate their Heifetz-Toscanini albums and wonder what to do: Keep them, by all means, for there are things to be heard in them, especially in Toscanini's dissection of the orchestral score, which are not likely to be heard from another performance in our time. But, if you can, possess this one too, for its heavenly blend of poise and eloquence, fastidious violin playing and heartwarming musicianship. Szigeti is no Heifetz—who is?—but he is, unquestionably, Szigeti.

Finally, the sound generated in Carnegie Hall and brought to life on these discs is a far richer, suaver thing than the penetrating edge to which Heifetz and Toscanini sharpened their fencing-match in Studio 8H.

MOZART: *Concerto in B Flat* (K.450), *with Kathleen Long, piano, and Boyd Neel conducting the National Symphony Orchestra.* (Decca album EDA 25, $7.35.) *Concerto in E Flat* (K.495), *with Dennis Brain, horn, and the Halle Orchestra directed by an unnamed conductor.* (Columbia album X-285, $3.) *Quintet in A, with Reginald Kell, clarinet, and the Philharmonia Quartet.* Columbia album M-702, $5.10.)

Anyone of these would be a month's boon, but the three together pose but one problem: the budgetary. Each is a first-rate specimen of the composer's art, the interpreter's skill and the engineer's craft. I give precedence to Miss Long's playing of the superb B flat concerto for it is a running spring of creative inspiration, with an interchange of ideas which becomes, at times, almost verbal. Moreover, it has been available before only in a long outmoded performance by Elly Ney and Willem Van Hoogstraaten. Anyone looking for a starting point for a journey through the twenty-odd concertos of Mozart could do worse than to begin with this one, and work back. FFRR at its best, and uncommonly quiet surfaces.

One expects the pure Mozart in a piano concerto, or one for violin; but it is staggering to contemplate how he has impressed his own personality on his writing for such outlandish instruments as the bassoon, the clarinet, the flute, or the present horn concerto. In this, the last of four he wrote for the instrument, the flood of beautiful music makes one almost oblivious to the limitations of the horn, the enormous virtuosity required to make it sound as well as it does here. Dennis, son of the horn-playing Brain family, performs remarkably, and the anonymous conductor (not specified in the English release either) has no reason for his modesty. The rich tones of Brain are all there on the disc.

Of equal distinction is Reginald Kell's work with the favorite clarinet quintet, in which the excellent Philharmonia Quartet makes its American debut. This is easily the superior of the previous offerings here—the Bellison-Roth and the Goodman-Budapest—not only for the clarity and mellowness of Kell's execution and the hair-spring balance with the quartet, but also for the high finesse with which all this has been reproduced. A noble work, nobly served.

STRAVINSKY: *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto, for Chamber Orchestra, conducted by the composer.* (Album Keynote DM 1, $3.94.)

Dumbarton Oaks, site of the organizational meeting of the United Nations in Washington, deserves a better esthetic memento than this caustic, hard-to-hear piece. The association is pure accident, of course, for the music was written in 1938; but there is little question which thing most of us would prefer to have endure longer.

Nor is there much doubt of the probabilities. A shiny, intricate piece of musical engineering, the "Dumbarton Oaks Concerto" is built on the lines of the eighteenth-century Concert Grossi; but it is not even "of the

"Don't you know any up-to-date stuff like 'The Jersey Bounce'?"

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school" of them. Lacking is the flow of life which animates the best of those, leaving this inanimate, cold, artificial. Since the composer supplies energetic direction himself, no reservations need be made about the playing. What Keynote could do—other than rewriting the work—has been done; a fine little orchestra reproduced by a recording technique absolutely brilliant. (See IMPRESSIONS.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5. Paul Kletski conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (Columbia album M-701, $7.20.)

The issue here is not what, but how and by whom. There is no compelling reason for a sixth version of this work to join the five already available, but if you are unhappy with the views of Ormandy, Beecham, Stokowski, Rodzinski, or Koussevitzky, vis-à-vis Tchaikovsky, there is good likelihood that Kletski is your man. A few more releases like this in the shops, and his scheduled debut here in 1948 will find him an old friend.

If this venture mirrors him accurately, Kletski is a conductor devoted, above all else, to driving energy, fervent statement, large effects. Some have likened him to Mengelberg, but that resemblance, if too close, may not be too flattering. What impresses me is Kletski's lack of affectation, his evasion of the defiles of sentimentality which pit the work. In this respect, the path he has chosen is one seldom followed by most conductors active among us now. Kletski aside, this is undoubtedly the strongest, most resonant reproduction of the work now to be had, even if the solo instrumentalists are inferior to those of the best American orchestras. I. K.

BACH: *Mass in B Minor. RCA Chorale and Orchestra, with Robert Shaw conducting.* (Victor albums 1145/6, $19.65.)

Hearing for the first time Robert Shaw's performance of the B-minor Mass as sung in New York last winter, and as faithfully repeated for the present records, is like seeing the world suddenly in proper perspective and focus after a lifetime of myopia. The Mass, like Handel's "Messiah," has long suffered from overproduction, from a witless and smothering expansion of sound-producing forces. At no time in his career did Bach have for disposition hundreds of choristers and several dozen instrumentalists, the batteries without which no "Bach festival" would feel itself decently accoutered. But conductors have for so long confused majesty and size, piety and volume, that they

have imposed their bloated conception of the Mass on helpless listeners. Robert Shaw has changed all that. Permanently, one may hope.

Within the present limitations of choral recording (not the easiest of listening conventions to accept), the volumes and timbres of the chorus, the size and makeup of the instrumental support, and the placing of microphones for chorus, instruments, and soloists have produced a clearly articulated image of what Bach may well have had in mind—an image that is life-size, but no larger.

I should like at once to say that I heard test records on a machine with which I was not familiar. I am therefore unable to report on technical details of surface, which anyhow vary from set to set, or on many enlivening niceties that would have become evident (together, probably, with some flaws) on the custom-built gramophone in my own home.

Most important in what I did hear was the conductor, Robert Shaw. His tempos, his dynamics, his general sense that, whatever the awful import of the text of the Mass, his primary task was to reveal some of the most majestically baroque music ever composed—all of this seemed to me to set him apart as our foremost choral conductor. Nothing at any point in his beautifully modulated reading of the Mass suggested quirks, wilfulness, or unctuousness. The conception is lively; it is just.

The RCA Chorale (chorus or choir would be as good, and less flossy) responds instantly to Mr. Shaw's indications. I have heard better choral recording (London Decca's Byrd Mass in five voices, for example), but I have not often heard choral unities as good, as exact, or as musical. Of the soloists, Ernest White at the organ and Ernst Victor Wolff at the harpsichord perform their background tasks discreetly and well. The tone of John Barrow's *corno di caccia* (a sort of valveless French horn) is apt in the "Quoniam tu solus sanctus," wherein it plays revealingly against the bass voice. Robert Bloom and Bert Gassman prove Bach's genius in selecting the *oboe d'amore* for the *"Qui sedes ad dextram"* and *"Et in Spiritum Sanctum,"* for its wistful high sound is not at all that of a horn. Oscar Shumsky supplies expert and well-blended violin obbligatos, and William Vacchiano blows with apposite shine the trumpet that flashes through the *"Gloria in excelsis"* and *"Patrem omnipotentem."*

That this recording is not the ideal one is largely owing to the five vocal soloists, who are not equal to their surroundings. The star is unquestionably the contralto, Lydia Summers. Besides a rich and dextrously maneuvered voice, Miss Summers has the great vocalist's ability to project textual meaning without visible gesture. The first soprano, Anne McKnight, is adequate and pleasant in low and middle registers, but either inclines to shred off into shrillness at the top or has been badly monitored in the recording. June Gardner, the second soprano, is neither good nor bad, but does no positive harm to the ensemble. The most serious fault of the entire performance is the singing of the tenor, Lucius Metz, whose voice is quite simply too small for the place it has here been required to fill. The bass-baritone of Paul Matten is very good indeed.

It would be pretentious of me to say that the score with which I followed this recording was "complete" (there are versions and versions of the Mass). However, it was an edition signed by Frank Damrosch, and I could detect in what I heard neither deviations nor omissions from it.

Except for the frailties noted and for a few moments when the chorus seems half a room farther away than the instruments (beginning of the *"Sanctus"*), it has been recorded with care and distinction.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

WHO SAID?

Each of these impromptu remarks occurs on a famous disc. What was the selection and who said it?

1. "You've had a highball."
2. "Take it—Bunny!"
3. "Ah! such a pianissimo."
4. "You wouldn't say 's'pose' so, if you had some of Mother MacPherson's good gin."
5. "Thank you very much, gentlemen."

(*Answers on Page* 58.)

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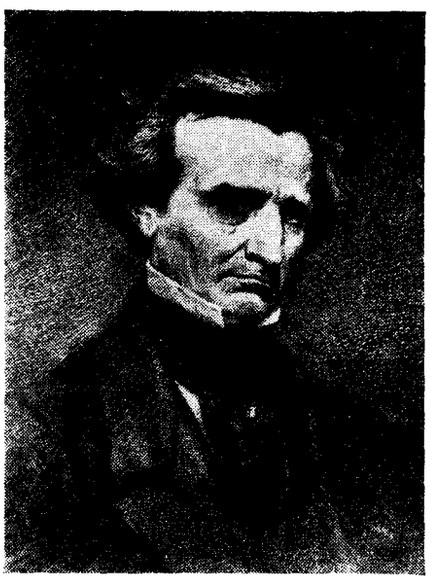
Beecham, Berlioz, Borodin

THERE is a valid personal reason for linking, in a new album by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic, the overture to Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor," with two somewhat disparate excerpts from Berlioz's lyric drama, "The Trojans": "The Royal Hunt and Storm" and the "Trojan March." The works of Borodin and Berlioz, except for their basically Romantic core, would at first seem to have little call for finding themselves neighbors in the same album. But the three operatic excerpts are justifiably bound together by their intimate association with Sir Thomas, who has championed these striking and rarely played works in most of the halls where he has conducted. And he performs them with fire (Victor album 1141, $4.05).

A fresh hearing of the "Prince Igor" overture makes one wonder again, as in time past, why this piece has not achieved the popularity it deserves. Cast along substantially the same thematic and coloristic lines as Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" overture (which is heard far more often), it outstrips the Glinka in large-scale architectural sweep, wealth of melody, and brilliance of instrumentation. Borodin, who left "Igor" unfinished, never committed the overture to paper; but he played it often at the piano. Alexander Glazounov, who heard almost all of these private performances, wrote down the overture from memory after the death of Borodin, gave it a coda, and orchestrated the whole work. The result is brilliant, combining the wild genius of Borodin (reminiscent in this overture of his Second Symphony) with the expert technique of Glazounov, whose own compositions lack the impact of an "Igor."



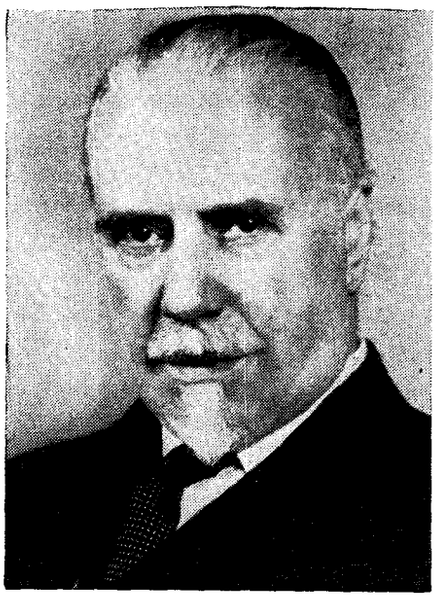
—The Bettmann Archive.

Berlioz's "nymphs and satyrs, with their weird howls, have been omitted."

It is particularly appropriate that this excerpt be performed, in a mechanically superb recording, under the direction of Sir Thomas—for it was he who introduced the glories of "Prince Igor" to the West in the 1913 London season of Russian opera and ballet. His current reading is in the best traditions of the score. One might take exception to the conductor's rather rubato treatment of the second theme, but there can be no doubting the over-all vigor, mastery, and color of the interpretation as a whole.

In the "Royal Hunt and Storm" from "The Trojans," Sir Thomas and the London Philharmonic replace—with the advantage of modern high-fidelity recording—the disc made several years ago by Sir Hamilton Harty and the Hallé orchestra. The softer episodes of the score have, under Sir Thomas's direction, a sensuous beauty missing in the earlier record. Vivid orchestral coloring is one of the strongest of the Beecham attributes; and the blend of distant horn and strings, at the close of the "Hunt," is quite unforgettable in this new issue. Missing, however, are some of the total weight and passion of the Harty climaxes, especially at the height of the storm: and not to be commended is the deliberate pacing of the trombone theme (no change of basic tempo is indicated by Berlioz in his score) adopted by Sir Thomas.

The music itself, as it occurs in Berlioz's opera, is cast in the form of a ballet-pantomime with chorus. Aeneas and the Trojans, driven from their native land by the Greeks and impelled by fate toward Italy, are shipwrecked on the shores of Carthage. Falling in love with the beautiful Dido, Queen of Carthage, Aeneas neglects his people and Italy, their goal. During a royal hunt in the company of Dido, he sees the Carthaginian forest darken, a peaceful stream becomes a roaring torrent, lightning strike the trees, and nymphs, seizing the blazing branches, dart through the tempest crying—in warning to Aeneas—the name of his promised land: "Italy!" At length the storm subsides, the hunting horns are heard once more, and the royal party passes on, leaving the forest to its primeval quiet.



"Vivid orchestral coloring is one of the strongest of the [Sir Thomas] Beecham attributes."

It is rather too bad that the chorus of nymphs and satyrs, with their weird howls of "A-O, A-O, A-O!" above the storm and their shouts of "Italy!", have been omitted from this new recording. The voice parts (also not used in the Harty version of the "Hunt") are generally left out of concert performances for reasons of economy. But with so definitive a performance as is offered in the new Beecham disc, the present omission seems rather penny-wise and pound-foolish.

The concluding excerpt in this album, the "Trojan March," is not properly from Berlioz's original opera but represents an afterthought on the composer's part. Faced with the prospect of never seeing his overly long "Trojans" produced in its entirety, Berlioz divided the work into two portions, each of which takes a whole evening to perform: "The Fall of Troy" and "The Trojans at Carthage." The first of these contains a stirring march, with chorus, as the Trojans draw the wooden horse of the Greeks into their city. Anxious to launch at least the second portion of his work on the stage, Berlioz extracted the march from "The Fall of Troy," recast it in symphonic form, and placed it as an added number at the beginning of "The Trojans at Carthage." Today, in full stage performances of "The Trojans," both portions of the work are presented as Berlioz first intended and the later version of the march is suppressed. It remains, however an effective concert piece. Together with the other works in the album, it is wonderfully realistic in sound.

ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Recordings *Reports on Current Releases*

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Suite in B minor," for flute and strings. Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Columbia Set MM 695, $4.05	Some beautiful phrasing in the faster movements, especially in the bourree and polonaise, is the notable distinction of this performance. More to my taste than the recent Boston-Koussevitzky enterprise. Sebastian Caratelli is the able flautist. The final side is Caillhet's transcription of the G minor fugue well-played, dully reproduced.
Bach: "Toccata and Fugue" in D minor. Leopold Stokowski and his Orchestra. V-11-9653, $1.05	This is at least the fourth recording by Stokowski of this work, and certainly the loudest of them. The orchestra is hardly the best of the series, but the engineers make it sound so. However, they can't obscure the silly acceleration on side 2.
Beethoven: "Adelaide." Egon Petri, piano. Columbia No. 72163, $1.25	Piano transcriptions (even by Liszt) of songs are scarcely my favorite dish, but this has at least the virtue of novelty. Moreover, Petri plays it as if he believes in it, which helps. *Good piano recording.*
Bernstein: "Facsimile." The composer conducting the RCA Victor Orchestra. *Victor album* DM-1142, $3	Ignoring the current advice of "doing what comes naturally," Bernstein indulges in an intellectual "choreographic essay" which neither dances nor informs. Forcible playing, over-bright recording.
Boilldieu: "Caliph of Bagdad" Overture. Muir Mathieson and the London Symphony. Columbia No. 72237, $1.25	Lively performance of a brightly engaging work. A surprisingly adept performance by Mathieson, and a stunning recording.
Coates: "Three Bears." The composer conducting the London Symphony. Columbia No. 72236, $1.25	Fragile stuff, not to be examined too carefully. Otherwise, a minor pleasure, warmly recorded.
Flotow: "M'Appari" (from "Marta"). James Melton, tenor, with orchestra led by Jean Paul Morel. Victor No. 10-1329, 79c	Could Melton sound as well in the opera house as he does here (and in the overside "Flower Song" from "Carmen") he would be the day's marvel. However, it is all done with a twist of the engineer's wrist.
Gould: "Minstrel Show." Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Orchestra. V-11-9654, $1.05	Limited occupation for a conductor of Mitropoulos's ability. Ostentatious vulgarity in any case. Bright recording.
Grofe: "Mississippi Suite." Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra. Columbia Set X-284, $3	Better light music than most opinion grants it, especially the final "Mardi Gras." Something better than "Waters of the Minnetonka" and "Land of the Sky Blue Waters" might have been found for side 4.
Holst: "Perfect Fool." Sir Malcolm Sargent and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca EDA 31, $5.10	Rather elephantine capers, and not too amusing. Note the odd-side "Ride of the Valkyrie," and comment below (Wagner).
Puccini: "Mi Chiamano Mimi" and "Addio" ("Bohème") Dorothy Kirsten, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Jean Paul Morel. V-11-9694, $1.05	Miss Kirsten is not up to the easeful execution of Sayao or Albanese in this music, but she has a peculiarly intent delivery, in shrillish tones, of marked emotional impact. Easily the best recordings of these excerpts.
"Bohème" Medley, Richard Tauber and the London Symphony. Columbia No. 72235, $1.25	The better tunes, done with the expansive emotion to be granted "Die Böhmen aus Wien."
Ravel: "Pavane pour un Infante défunte." Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. V-11-9729, $1.05	This will always be known in America as the source of "The Lamp is Low," but Koussevitzky almost makes one forget it with his fluid, beautifully shaded performance. One of the best recent B. S. O. recordings, not too brilliant.
Ravel: "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales." Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony. Victor album 1143, $5.10	The rhythmic, pulsating performance of the waltzes—the first orchestral ones in too long—is only part of this album. It includes also the first "Daphnis et Chloe" suite (with the Interlude omitted from the Münch recording) and Ravel's arrangement of the Debussy "Sarabande." It is eminently Gallic throughout, despite the shrillish recording.
Schubert: "Wohin?" Marian Anderson, alto, with Franz Rupp, piano. Victor No. 10-1327, 79c	*Oddly unbalanced recording—Rupp's piano is somewhere in an ante-room*—minimizes the quality of Anderson's finely composed performance. The overside "Tod und das Mädchen" was not available for hearing.
Schumann: "Arabeske," "Traumerei," "Widmung," and Brahms: "Rhapsody in G minor," "Hungarian Dance No. 4," and "Wiegenlied." *Artur Rubinstein*, piano. Victor album M-1149, $4.05	This concoction for the film "Song of Love" must have been as hard for Rubinstein to mix as it is for his admirers to take. The "Arabeske" and the "G minor Rhapsody" are sound, expressive piano playing, but Rubinstein appears to have slight interest and not much more sympathy for the Brahms "Lullaby" or Schumann's "Widmung" (offered with and without Liszt's embellishments). Clean recording, a little under-amplified.
Schumann: "Aufschwung." Ania Dorfmann, piano. Victor No. 11-9672, $1	Free, untrammeled performance, strongly felt and articulated. Miss Dorfmann does equally well with the overside "Un Sospiro" of Liszt. The recording is excellent.
Strauss: "Fledermaus Waltzes." Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Victor No. 10-1310, 79c	Fussy, over-stressed playing with the gay tunes more than a little tortured by Stokowski's insistent treatment.
Wagner: "Ride of the Valkyrie." Victor De Sabata and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. EDA 31, $5.10	This ending side of Holst's "Perfect Fool" does not have the electrical impulse of the recent Toscanini version, but it shows, compellingly, the advantages of FFRR over the sharp-edged methods currently favored over here. I.K.

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SCRATCHING *the* SURFACE

WITH OSCAR LEVANT

HOLLYWOOD.

AT THIS end of the continent, Eugene Ormandy's engagement as "musical advisor" for the Bowl concerts comes under the heading of what is called "a good thing." I'm not thinking primarily of his musical ability, though it is far ahead of anything they have had here in years. The appointment is bound to have a good effect on the community, which will now have a focus for its love or hate.

For years they have been getting along with guest conductors, and "getting along" is about all they have been doing. There's something about guest conductors which promotes tolerance, or indulgence, or indifference, but never any feeling stronger. Perhaps it is inherent in the word "guest" and the implications that go with it. There is the subtle suggestion that the audience is the host, and must behave accordingly.

I noticed it last winter in New York, during the Rodzinski "crisis." While he was still permanent conductor and musical director of the Philharmonic, there was intense partisan interest; his supporters pointed to the improvement in the orchestra and said he was responsible for it: his detractors talked about his "interpretations," "soul," "esprit de corps." It was, for about two weeks, a time in which almost as much passion was expended in talking about music as in playing it. Once the issue was settled, and a series of guests was announced for this season, nobody cared any more.

An oddity of this arrangement with Ormandy is that his own home city of Philadelphia has a famous summer series at the Dell; but the conductor for those is Dimitri Mitropoulos, who comes all the way from Minneapolis to do them. Now Ormandy will be coming out to the Coast each summer. The explanation, however, is not merely a quixotic one. Ormandy has a home out here, and would be coming anyway; which leaves no doubt that real estate is a stronger force than civic pride.

* * *

Mention of Rodzinski recalls Desiré Defauw, whom he succeeds as conductor of the Chicago Symphony this season. Defauw was the brave man who took the position in Chicago after the death of Frederick Stock, who had conducted for nearly forty years in Chicago and was regarded as a civic landmark, like the Tribune Tower or Soldiers Field. After many harassing experiences with the critics, Defauw was of a disposition in which any slight word of praise was nectar. In the midst of a rehearsal with a famous pianist (Mr. Y), Defauw stopped the orchestra, and said: "Gentlemen, let us play again one bar before letter O." When the bar had been played, Defauw smiled with pleasure and said: "Gentlemen, Mr. Y says I conduct that bar better than any conductor in the world."

* * *

The perennial matter of previews was a subject of conversation recently among a group of directors, including my favorite conversationalist, Michael Curtiz. After listening to a variety of opinions, Curtiz expressed his own, succinctly: "A director should go to previews," he said, "even if he has to hide."

* * *

Mendelssohn may be the composer of the year, as far as honors are concerned (he died a hundred years ago), but Schumann is the man of the hour, as a result of "Song of Love." Three recordings of "Träumerei" will soon be on the market, whereas there have been none for years; and both Rubinstein and Serkin have made recordings of the piano concerto. Here's a quiz question, incidentally: Name three musical works in which the "Marseillaise" is interpolated (answer at the end).

* * *

Do you want to be a recording supervisor? This is a sample of what you may have to deal with. A recording supervisor of my acquaintance was lunching with Fritz Reiner and remarked conversationally: "I heard Arrau with Szell last night." To his surprise, Reiner expressed great interest, asking for all the details, where it happened, etc. Mention by full name of Claudio Arrau, the pianist involved, suddenly cooled Reiner's interest. He thought the supervisor had said: "I had a row with Szell last night."

* * *

I like the direct methods employed by a director here when he reported on a set after a short vacation and was told his picture was five days behind schedule. He took the script, tore off the first five pages, and said: "Now we're on time. Let's go."

* * *

About the "Marseillaise": The most famous use is in Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," of course, but he also used it in his "Faschüngsshwank aus Wien." And the third use is in Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture.—*Maestoso.*

"Oke, fellas . . . 'Eine Kleine Nachtmusik,' and let's hit it!"

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"Radio's Most Perfect Script"

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER, *with Agnes Moorehead. Radio drama by Lucille Fletcher. Produced by William Spier, with supporting cast and sound effects. Decca Album DAU-2. $5.25.*

SHOULD you ever want to break up a loud and merry party at your house, slip this one on the record player.

Your guests will be putting on their gloom suits and going home in fifteen minutes flat. Chances are that they'll lay an uneasy head upon an uneasy pillow that night, too.

Fifteen minutes is the approximate time it takes Agnes Moorehead to meet her Maker after dialing the wrong number that gives this ghoulish drama its name.

Called "radio's most perfect script," for reasons that may not be discernible to the naked ear, "Wrong Number" is a tour de force by an actress who gives her all to every sob, every shriek, every womanish whimper. Before she is through you're reminded of Coleridge's lonely woman, "waiting for her demon lover." Only in this case, Agnes Moorehead is wailing for a policeman.

Admittedly one of the finest actresses of stage, screen, or radio—as the saying goes—Miss Moorehead plays a neurotic, bed-ridden woman named Mrs. Stevenson. Alone in her Sutton Place apartment, she dials a wrong number, overhears two men plotting a murder. It is to take place that very night, at 11:15, to be exact, when a train crosses a nearby bridge. This will muffle the screams of the victim. Rings and bracelets are to be removed—establishing the victim as a woman—to substantiate a motive of simple robbery.

Suddenly, without warning, this fitful connection is severed. Mrs. Stevenson is beside herself with shock.

Her tension mounting to pure hysteria, the invalid calls the operator, the chief operator, information, and, finally, the police. "I'm a sick woman, alone in the house," she tells each one, in a voice drenched with self-pity, "and I just overheard two men planning to murder somebody."

All the calls bring Mrs. Stevenson face to face with the same cold truth: nobody cares. When she finally puts her receiver to rest, sobbing that she could die in her bed for all anybody cares, the phone suddenly rings. Her hello is a shriek of terror, a sob of fright—the most incredible "hello" you've ever heard.

Western Union doesn't seem taken aback, however. A cool voice simply reads a wire from Mr. Stevenson. He has been called suddenly to Boston.

Here the loneliness and the impending murder begin to create a panic in her mind. It slowly dawns on her, and on the listener, that SHE is the prospective victim.

"Elbert," she sobs to the walls, "how could you? . . . If I'm alone one more second I'll go mad! I don't care what he says or what the expense is. . . . I'm a sick woman. . . . I'm entitled to a little consideration."

She decides to hire a nurse for the night. "I'm a sick woman," she tells the Nurses' Registry "I'm alone in this house and I'm an invalid and tonight I heard a telephone conversation that upset me dreadfully A woman is going to be murdered when a train. . . . I'm afraid if someone doesn't come at once I'll go out of my mind."

A calm, well-groomed voice at the Registry announces that Mrs. Stevenson's case will be given due consideration as soon as a Miss Phillips returns. "She went out at 11 o'clock," adds the voice.

Another flood of panic washes over Mrs. Stevenson. The train goes over the bridge at 11:15. It is now, says the well-groomed voice, in response to her query, exactly 11:14.

At this instant, there is a small, secret sound somewhere in the mechanism of the telephone. Somebody has picked up the downstairs extension. This catapults Mrs. Stevenson into a state of hysteria that makes the earlier portion of the album a snatch of "Auld Lang Syne" by comparison.

Whether or not you commend "Wrong Number" to your friends is a matter of your own taste and sensitivity. It has been repeated half a dozen times over a medium that is usually content to let a script pass into instant oblivion after one performance. It was chosen one of the best broadcasts of 1943, was presented over CBS television, has been enbalmed in numerous anthologies, and rights for repeat broadcasts have been sold in Denmark, Australia, and South Africa. Recently it was bought as a motion picture and, in an expanded version, it is soon to appear as a book.

As if all this weren't enough, it's on unbreakable records, too!

HARRIET VAN HORNE.

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THE JAZZ BEAT

NOTE ON SMALL BANDS

ECONOMICS and jazz are notoriously close companions, not only in outward relation to the public, but also in the inward relation of players to each other. With its manifold other curses, inflation has driven up the price of musician's pay, with the result that a number of large bands have disbanded and some have retrenched in favor of fewer hands. After all, the more boys you have around, the thinner you have to slice the melon.

Whatever the cause, however, this is a most healthy trend; for in jazz, the quality of the music is often inversely proportionate to the size of the combination. The latest to prove that you need not have a gross powerhouse of a band to produce original and satisfying jazz is the Joe Mooney Quartet, which has survived its success of last year and is still playing fine music. This is the accordion, guitar, bass and clarinet foursome whose debut delighted musicians so different as Paul Whiteman and Duke Ellington, a feat no less remarkable than getting the kind of music they do out of the ill-assorted instruments.

"Stars in My Eyes" (Decca 24174, 75¢) is another from the near inexhaustible repertory of Mooney's "head" (or memorized arrangements) which have the distinction of being suitable for the haughtiest of supper clubs or the most hip tavern in Harlem.) Assuming that this will whet your desire for more Mooney, let me also recommend two earlier offerings: "Tea for Two" (Decca 23842) and "Just a Gigolo" (Decca 23790).

LEFT WING

Lennie Tristano Trio (Keynote album 147, $3).

Here are six sides of the most sublime, intellectually impelling piano jazz I have ever heard. Tristano, another of the sightless wizards who seem to find the true light on a piano keyboard, departs so emphatically from his predecessors that some special term—say neo-jazz—is necessary to categorize him. The factors in his style are a conservatory background, technical virtuosity, acute awareness of his contemporaries, and a sensitive, subtle mind. The complexities of these records make it seem unbelievable that they are improvised; yet Tristano, when heard in an impromptu session, will play chorus after fantastic chorus of the same overwhelming quality.

The radical departure of Tristano from the conventional means, no doubt, that it will take some time for him to be recognized. But it requires little courage to state that he is one of the jazz greats of our time. And I think that his style will be as appealing to fastidious classical collectors as to the jazz zealots.
Recording: Good. Surface: Good.

RIGHT WING

GEORGE ZACK: *Barrelhouse Stomps* (Commodore album CR-9, $3.75).

Originally recorded for Milt Gabler's Commodore label, this present distribution through Decca will enable jazz fanciers over the country easier access to an album of uncommon interest. What a shrewd supervisor can give to a record session is shown by Gabler's handling of Zack and his stomps. By purposely overrecording the drums he has managed to capture the brashness, the raucous uproar of a small-time, sawdust-sprinkled gin-mill. Zack may lack technique and originality, but he has endless heart and spirit. George Wettling (four sides) and Danny Alvin (two sides) are the drummers who urge Zack on to some highly realistic jazz performance.
Recording: Excellent. Surface: Good.

IRVING FAZOLA: *New Orleans Jazz* (Victor album HJ-12, $3.75).

Dixieland enthusiasts who like their New Orleans style a trifle refined will find it to their taste in this album. Recorded in New Orleans, Fazola's group observes the traditional gut-bucketiquette, but with a city touch that qualifies for the term "urbane." Fine standards like "Fidgety Feet," "Sensation," "Satanic Blues," and "Original Dixieland One Step" are given virile but almost pretty performances. Recording: Good. Surfaces: Good.

CENTER

BILLIE HOLIDAY: *Am I Blue?; Long Ago Blues* (Columbia 37586, 75¢).

New sides by Holiday, and some of the best; ("new" here meaning that they date back to 1941 and 1939, but have not been issued before). With "Am I Blue?" Billie does exactly what she does to most amatory laments, applying the lachrymose Holiday treatment so convincingly that you feel the song has been waiting all this time just for such handling. "Long Ago Blues" has a wonderfully petulant opening.
Recording: Good. Surface: Good.

DUKE ELLINGTON: *Ellington Special* (Columbia C-127, $3.40). *Ellington Plays the Blues* (Victor P-182, $3.15).

The perennial argument about Ellington — whether he is developing creatively, or lapsing into rather effete commercialism—finds additional data for either, or both sides, in these releases. The Columbia sides were made in what many consider the Ellington hey-day (from 1932 to 1938); the Victor ones show the master in a more recent light, as of 1946. I prefer the earlier set, but there is much of historic interest in the latter, which is, in some respects, a portrait of the artist as a middle-aged man.

It is, moreover, something of a composite portrait, showing the Ellington personality as expressed through a variety of media. There is an exciting "Royal Garden Blues," with crisp, clear brass and aggressive attacks; there is an interesting experiment with a wordless voice against woodwinds in "Transbluency"; and there is an extremely abstruse duet with Billy Strayhorn, "Drawing Room Blues."

The more consistent Columbia discs are laden with that beautiful wide-voiced melancholy which was, and is, virtually the exclusive province of the Duke. Notable items include "T.T. on Toast," as pretty a side as Ellington ever conceived, featuring Hodges, Cootie, and Lawrence Brown; "I Don't Know Why I Love You So," with fine Hodges and Rex Stewart solos; and two stirring sextet numbers which were sparked by Stewart's horn on his first date with the band. Nothing notable about the recording of these, but it is adequate.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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Some Highs and Lows

One-Eared Hearing

A RECENT announcement of a line of wide-range records includes a mild boner that points up a widespread misunderstanding of the nature of recorded (or broadcast) sound. The music from these records, the company says, is what the listener might hear were he standing on the very spot in the concert hall itself. However glorious the new records may be, unfortunately this well-meant claim is a physical impossibility, because the phonograph and its associated recording equipment have but one "ear," one electrical channel through which music can reach you.

The primary difference between one-eared and two-eared hearing is that of direction perception, with the resultant ability to clear up confusion of sound to a remarkable extent, to impart that quality of "liveness" to what we hear. ("Liveness" is what is also variously called "reverberation," "echo," "brilliance," "resonance," "richness," and so on.) Our two ears, receiving unequally loud signals from various sources, translate the differences into an amazingly accurate sense of direction. This, of course, is almost entirely lost in broadcasting and recordings. But the most important offshoot of our direction-finding equipment, vitally concerned with the problem of naturalness on records, is the enormous aid which it gives us in sorting out sounds from each other and rendering them separately intelligible.

In the middle of a roomful of talking people, two-eared hearing permits you to follow any of several conversations around you, largely because you can mentally isolate the sounds you wish to hear according to their direction, rather than because of quality or loudness. The last two attributes carry over into radio broadcasting, yet everyone knows the difficulty of following two voices on the air, let alone a roomful. Minus our directional sense, our ears are quickly confused.

The question follows naturally: Why the directional factor in music, since a symphony or orchestra, a singer, a pianist, all occupy a very narrow "beam" of direction in the concert hall? Why should there be so vast a difference between one-eared and two-eared hearing if the directional sense is so little involved?

Here is the joker, however. The music itself may well come from a single direction. But the liveness, the complex echoes and reflections of the music from the room itself, come to the listener not from in front, but from all sides and from above—*from every direction*. Thereby our delicate direction-finding equipment is fully involved in absorbing and evaluating these sounds into the sum impression of liveness, or sound confusion. It can be seen at once that any "reproducing" system which cancels our whole directional equipment and brings us sound from a single point via the single "ear" of the record or the radio is bound to play hob with our sense of musical naturalness and fitness.

Just as the multidirectional confusion of a crowd of people talking is clarified by our two ears, so the actual liveness of a concert hall (the sum of the confusion of reflected sound) is cleared up and apparently *reduced* by our sense of direction. Even at a point in the concert hall where the sound is acoustically ideal, a microphone may give a recording of howling confusion and cavernous echoes that will offend the musical ear. It may be hard to believe that the mere sense of direction can account for such a difference, but this is the explanation for the "dead" radio studio (a compensation for the lack of two ears) and a hundred other anomalies.

If the object in recording music were to attain perfect clarity all would be simple; cut out all echo, record the music "dead" (some technicians have made the ghastly mistake of doing that). But this is to deny music the sound confusion, the liveness which is an essential part of its effect; music heard "dead" is indeed lifeless and unnatural. Thus the problem is not to eliminate confusion, but to allow for exactly the right *apparent* confusion, the proper quality and quantity of liveness that will spell "natural" for the critical ear.

Luckily the engineer in search of illusion does not have to work negatively. He can do far better by turning to another one of our aural perceptions, not so far mentioned that, heaven be praised, does not depend on two-eared hearing—our perception of *distance*. We measure the distance of a sound-source not by its loudness but by the relative degree of con-

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WILLIAM SCHUMAN

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Composers in America

By CLAIRE R. REIS

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fusion, by the amount of "echo" that reaches us along with the original sound. A distant sound is more blurred, more confused than a near one. Now it happens that music is incomplete without the sound-confusion that indicates distance to us. With perfect clarity, we would lose all sense of distance and all musical perspective. We delight in this perspective, in the contrasts of near and far that make the "presence" of the players so real in a good recording. Indeed, our fertile imagination can easily add what we know is *not* there: direction, side-to-side space, as well as back-to-front depth. Once a natural sounding, one-eared, over-all liveness is found, an engineer can play beautifully upon our distance perception. By creating marked contrasts of distance between soloist and orchestra, or the other members of an ensemble, he can achieve a vivid one-directional effect of space that we, on our part, mentally imagine right into three dimensions. Such are the uses of illusion!

It is thus a twin understanding of the problem that has led to the newest and most nearly "realistic" recording techniques. But the most interesting, if the least practical, kind of recording remains to be tried—two-eared recording with a separate record for each ear. Stereophonic demonstrations have been made, but on film rather than records. Experiment aside, such methods for recording of broadcasting are extremely remote. More power, therefore, to those engineers who, knowing that recorded realism is an illusion, go forward to make that illusion cap even the reality.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

Recordings *Survey*

EARLY returns on the RECORDINGS survey published in the September issue show strong sentiment on four aspects of inserts in record albums: Of those responding, 80 per cent voted for the inclusion of opera libretti with a complete recording, though 3 per cent demurred if it would increase the cost of the album; 79 per cent thought recordings of song cycles would be improved if texts and translations were included, with 10 per cent feeling that the English version was sufficient; 66 per cent wanted more musical analysis in the program notes, and 10 per cent preferred more historical information; 60 per cent preferred booklets separate from the albums, with only 13 per cent content with the present custom of publishing them on the inside of the album itself.

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

AMONG the riches of the Ultraphone catalogue (dealt with briefly last month) are the numerous examples of the conducting art of Willem Mengelberg, for years a man to be reckoned with in the concert hall and on records. It is probable that his concert hall days are behind him; for at an advanced age and after a career studded with honor, he disgraced the national pride of his people by welcoming the Nazis to Holland and toasting the victory of the Fuehrer. Recently he has been seeking relief from his exile in Switzerland, and leave to return home.

These Ultraphones—most of which did not circulate in this country when they were originally made — show Mengelberg in the twilight of his career, as the great conductor he undoubtedly was. As an interpreter, he has a link with Stokowski, in the dash and incisiveness of his methods, but his tempi rarely are erratic. The playing of such works as Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture, the "B Flat Minor Concerto" and the "Serenade" for strings is in the old Mengelberg manner—challenging in their energy, buoyant and vital in spirit, dazzling in their feeling for the accent of this composer.

Perhaps the prime example is the "1812" refashioned in the best Mengelberg tradition (Ultraphone 14271-2, $3.50). The crashing, triumphant dash of this venerable old charger has electrifying life under his direction, and the high fidelity recording — when properly reproduced—will leave the listener limp. Repeated hearings convinced me that the charge was steady, not static, inducing renewed interest in a work which had all but run its course with me.

His reading of the beautiful "Serenade" (Ultraphone 14219-21, $5.25) appeals to me far more than the recent version by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra currently in the shops; it has the valuable attribute of

real style, rather than the dullish imitation of it that Ormandy contrives. However, I would still prefer the older Adrian Boult-BBC. version in Victor set M-556, which some shops may have. Boult marks the "Elegy" with a more subtle dignity, making more of the most moving pages in the work. Both, however, are very good performances, and the Mengelberg is undoubtedly a better reproduction of string tone.

Then there is the "Piano Concerto," to my knowledge the only concerted work Mengelberg has done for Ultraphone (14273-76, $7). Here the orchestra is unidentified, but it responds in the Concertgebouw manner to the wishes of its imperious conductor. To say that the orchestral part of this effort is overwhelming is to deal in understatement; while the glittering pianism of Conrad Hansen establishes this as the most satisfactory version of the work now available. The recording is high fidelity in the strictest sense of the phrase.

As a Beethoven conductor, Mengelberg was traditionally at his best in the works of heroic character—the "Eroica," the Fifth, the Ninth. This memory gives even greater interest to the opportunity offered by Ultraphone to possess his performances of the "Pastorale" and the Eighth. The first of these is hardly the most consistent version on records, but it has some magnificent effects especially in the "Storm" and the subsequent "Hymn of Thanksgiving" (14716-20, $8.75). The Eighth sometimes dazzles where it should merely shine, but it has the exuberant humor it wants, and notable precision of orchestral playing (14721-23, $5.25).

To balance these conventional items, I may commend the reader to an unconventional one of genuine interest. It is Josef Suk's "Meditation on an Old Bohemian Chorale," with the Czech Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jirak (12548, 75¢). The neglect of this celestial work is difficult to understand, for it is much in the mood of Dvorak's "Notturno," also for string orchestra, which was finely done by the late Leslie Heward (Columbia DX-1040). Since Suk was Dvorak's son-in-law, the affinity is understandable. In addition, a string orchestra had seldom been reproduced with more suavity.

EVERETT DE GOLYER, JR.

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. . . Let the Lion Sing

LONDON.

WHEN I was recently in America it struck me that very few people interested in English recordings realized the important part played by the British Council in the gramophone world over here. Some of the best informed people had never even heard of the Council, which is hardly surprising as its activities are of a very special kind. But, since the American public is well acquainted with some of its end results, it would seem that the means by which they were produced would be of interest.

The British Council was established in 1934 at the instance of the Foreign Office, to develop closer cultural relations between the United Kingdom and other countries. The music de-

partment was charged with the duty of making known more fully the works of British musicians abroad. It has founded a great many libraries of music and records in many parts of the world. It has also made possible the appearance of dozens of British musicians abroad, and the performances outside of England of the major works of many English composers.

Because its work is so largely outside the United Kingdom its activities are not well known here or reported in the press—another reason why it is little known in America. The business of encouragement of the arts in Great Britain is looked after by the Arts Council, attached to the Ministry of Education and kept going by Government funds. All this indicates that the British Government is getting ahead in a practical way with its responsibilities to the arts.

The interest of the British Council in records came about in its early days, when it sought to provide recordings of English music to the libraries it had founded. The search showed lamentable gaps. Obviously if they were to do the work properly, either recordings had to be made or the libraries would be woefully inadequate. All talks with the gramophone companies met one reply: "It's not a commercial proposition."

Then the battle for funds began, and was won with the strong support of the advisory panel of musicians, which also submitted recommendations of the works to be recorded. We musicians, a proverbially prejudiced clan, may agree or disagree on the works chosen, but no one can deny that they are representative of what English music has done and is doing. Here are some of the titles done to date: "Symphony No. 5," by Vaughan Williams; "Pianoforte Concerto," by Arthur Bliss; "Belshazzar's Feast," by William Walton; "The Planets," by Gustav Holst; "The Hymn of Jesus," by Gustav Holst; "Dido and Aeneas," by Henry Purcell; "The Dream of Gerontius," by Edward Elgar; "Symphonic Variations," by Alan Rawsthorne; "Symphony No. 3," by Arnold Bax.

There is, I am told, a long list of works on the stocks to be recorded, of which an early issue will be an album of examples of the Great Elizabethan Madrigal School.

The partnership between the gramophone companies and the Council seems to be a happy one. Although both sides must agree on the works to be done, differences of opinion don't happen for this very good reason: the companies would like to record the works themselves but have not done so because they honestly thought they would not have sufficient sale. But in return for the subsidy the Council insisted from the beginning that the records be included in the catalogues and marketed exactly as all others made by the companies. They knew that any privately made and marketed records could not have wide sales; and they also believed that private recordings might be regarded as phony in some way or other. Finally they wanted the works to be where they belong, among the rest of the world's music. I hope to have news of several new recordings over here in my next letter. One of these will certainly be the latest Council recording, issued this month by H. M. V.—Vaughan Williams's "Flos Campi," with William Primrose as viola soloist.

HERBERT MENGES.

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THE YOUNGER SET

THE PERFORMANCE of Benjamin Britten's "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" (Columbia album 703, $4.60) provides interested parents with an opportunity to discover whether all the orchestral indoctrination spread about in the last year or two has had any lasting effect. For, if you want to make a test case of it, Britten's clever work can be used as a check to see whether "Peter and the Wolf," "Tubby the Tuba," "Pee Wee the Piccolo," "Rusty in Orchestraville," and the more recent "Pan the Piper," "Celeste," and "Little Brass Band" have taught the older members of the younger set the difference between an oboe and a harp, a flute and a bassoon.

A word about the background of the work may emphasize its importance. It was commissioned, in 1945, by the British Ministry of Education as the score of a film called "Instruments of the Orchestra." For his form Britten chose the popular theme-and-variations device, and for his theme he chose an excerpt from Purcell. The idea is developed with great virtuosity, using single instruments and varied groups for each of the variations, to show their tone color, contrast, and range. Sir Malcolm Sargent, who did the original sound track, has also had great success with it at Promenade Concerts in London, and is responsible for the Columbia recording.

No narration is included with the present performance, but the brilliant playing and the life-like reproduction scarcely require it. As the variations develop, merging in a final fugue, each instrument is so crisply defined that the whole experience becomes a delightful "scavenger hunt" in which the child can participate with a keen sense of competition. There can be little doubt that Benjamin Britten has conceived the most dignified work yet to be presented for children; good thematic material, handled with skill and lively variety make this an important offering which adults will enjoy along with youngsters of all ages. By its example, too, Columbia may be starting a trend which would certainly be to the benefit of music educators and parents.

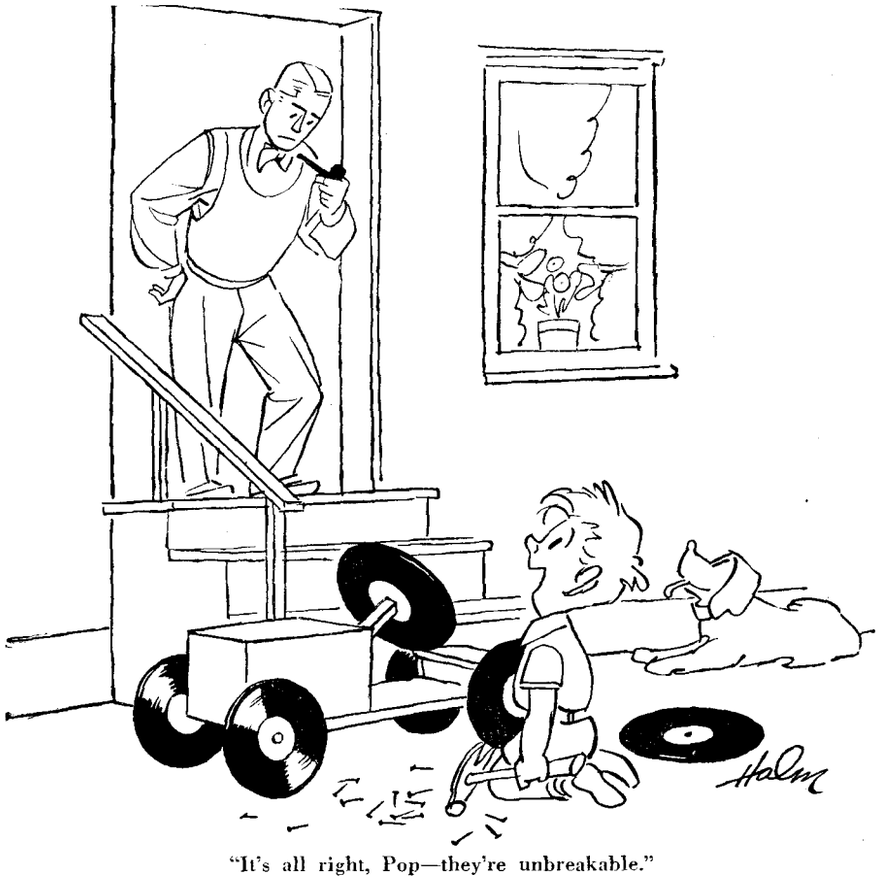
For the youngster who prefers his orchestra study enlivened by story and narration, I recommend "Celeste" (Signature C-1, $2.37) and "Pan the Piper" (Victor Y-331, $3.15). The first may be designated for the eights to ten, the second for the nines to fourteens. A fault common to both, however, is the insensitive use of the narrator. Victory Jory takes too many parts in "Celeste" and the use of a deep baritone voice in "Pan" is more than a little disillusioning. Children somehow have a sensitivity for such things. For the pre-school group, Young People's Record Club has just issued "Little Brass Band" (YPRC 703 A, $1.57) in which the instruments of the orchestra join a band on parade, give a concert, and return home. Walter Hendl's music is pleasant, the simple story well told by Frank Gallop.

Young bookworms will find something to their taste in recent recordings of popular books. "Peter Churchmouse" (Victor Y-329, $3.15) is an adaptation of Margaret Austin's well-known Dutton publication. The engaging tale of the hungry mouse and the nearsighted minister is attractively narrated by Paul Wing, a great favorite of the young, with André René in charge of the suitable music. Isabel Manning Hewson is her own narrator in "The Land of the Lost" (Columbia MJ 38, $2.40), a delightful fantasy based on her Whittlesley book. It tells of a "magic kingdom on the bottom of the sea" to which everything that has ever been lost on earth eventually finds its way. This is for the sixes to nines, and should charm them. Then there are new issues of the old favorites "Babar" (Decca CU 104, $2) and "Manners Can Be Fun" (Decca CU 105, $2) with music by Frank Luther, who also sings. "Babar" is gay and manners do seem "fun" as related by Luther. Both records, incidentally, are of the unbreakable variety.

In the story-telling vein, Bing Crosby again proves his incomparable appeal for children in a fine dramatization of "The Man Without a Country" (Decca AU 3, $4.85). With the aid of a good supporting cast and Victor Young's appropriate music, Bing's performance of the Hale classic is stirring indeed. This is the kind of thing that goes well with the upper graders, correlating with their historical studies. The dramatization gives color to a moving chapter in American lore, especially as Bing interprets the character of Nolan.

Important news of the month comes from RCA Victor, which has now made available its "Record Library for Elementary Schools." It consists of no less than twenty-one albums, eighty-three records (unbreakable), and 370 compositions, selected and organized by Lilla Belle Pitts, of Teacher's College, and Gladys Tipton of Illinois State Normal. It will be described in detail next month.

MARIE L. MUTCH.



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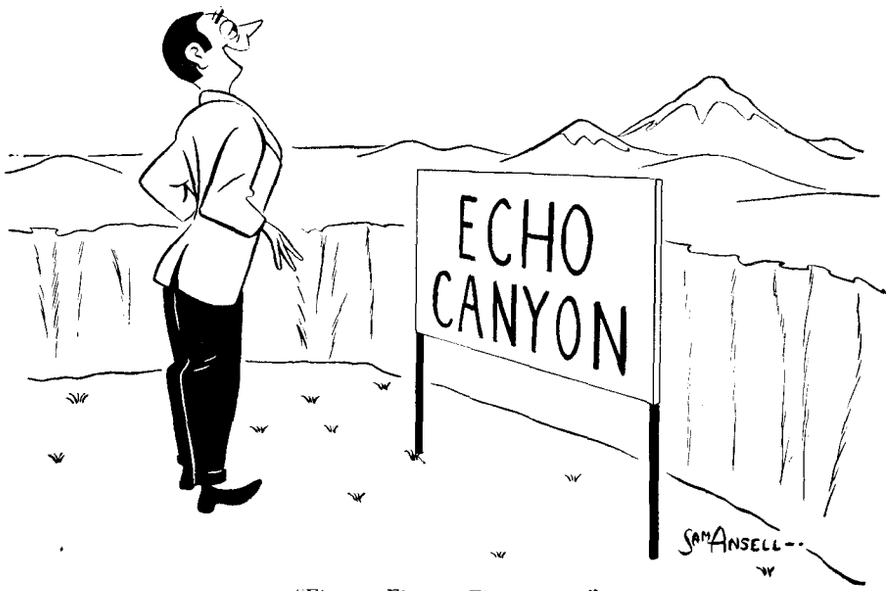

"Figaro, Figaro, Figaro . . ."

Imitation as Teacher

SPOKEN LANGUAGE SERIES: *French album. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 24 12-inch records, text, and key.* $50.

THE value of studying a foreign language from records has long been recognized and widely practised. The supposition is, that next to living in the country itself and learning its language under conditions of stress, the most satisfactory results can be acquired either from a native teacher—the "direct system" of the Berlitz Schools—or from such a teacher speaking from a disc.

But means must also be linked to method—and this is a point in which many earlier uses of records have been deficient. A chief merit of the Holt "Spoken Language Series" is its clearly defined principles, its well-conceived formula to which all the twenty-odd albums of the series conform, whether they are French or Russian, Hindustani or Arabic. They represent, in part, a reconversion from war uses, for the records were developed by the Linguistic Society of America and the Intensive Language Program of the American Council of Learned Societies for use by the Army and Navy. The discs are unbreakable plastic.

Perhaps only one with some experience in the conventional approach to language teaching can give proper credit to the authors for a system in which, from the first, phrases and complete sentences replace word study, and the conjugation of the verb "to be" is nowhere to be found. Excellent ear-training material is provided, and space is left after each sentence or even phrase for the student to do his own imitative practice.

However, the "spaced" record is only a partial solution of the problem. In teaching languages, the inadequacy of the continuous record early impressed itself on me; and it led to the development of a record player in which the student could easily (by merely pressing a pre-set switch) repeat any passage he had just heard, or indulge in his own practice while the machine marked time. This saved valuable space on the record itself, and allowed the latitude required for the individual student's reactions.

In this method of "learning by heart what you have imitated" it is not a disadvantage that there is no place for "explanation" of the language or grammar as such. Unlike the child who has no fixed habits to overcome when learning his mother tongue through imitation, the adult can be greatly benefited if a teacher trained in phonetics is available to explain *how* the new sounds are made, to demonstrate the rhythmic and melodic differences between his own language and the one he seeks to learn. Lacking this, the recorded speaker should be extremely careful lest misinterpretation creep in through blind imitation.

One such example may be noted through the first lessons of this "Spoken French" course. The text is at pains to explain that in French the individual word loses its identity in a group, but that the accent always falls on the last syllable of the word or group. Thus "Thank You," written phonetically, is "mer-SI," with the last syllable capitalized to show the accent. However, an American student listening to the record would swear the pronunciation was "MER-si."

The reason for this confusion is simple. In English, the accent is usually accomplished by a rise in tonal pitch. But in French, with its slighter difference between the accented and unaccented syllables, a shift of pitch may actually suggest an accent when none is meant. The difficulty could be conquered had the native speaker been aware of the misconception he might convey, and chosen his intonation so that no doubt whatever was attached to the location of the accent.

A trifling matter? When an American misplaces the accent in speaking to a Frenchman it is anything but. I well recall how furious a friend became when a Parisian cabby showed no understanding at all of where he wanted to go, until I intervened and said: "le Boulevard Ras-PAIL." The driver beamed, and we were off. "But," complained my friend, "that's just what I've been telling him for five minutes—le Boulevard RAS-pail."

WENTWORTH D. FLING.

If You've Been Trying to Get

Furtwangler's performance of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony—once available in Victor set M-553. It can be obtained on HMV DB 4609/14 or automatic sequence DB 8600-05.

Bruno Walter's superlative performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony—once available on Victor album G-6. It is available on HMV records DB 3051/55 or automatic sequence DB 8219/23.

The Busch-Brain-Serkin performance of the Brahm's Horn Trio on Victor set 199, still listed in the catalogue but not to be found. Why wait? HMV records DB 2105/08 or automatic sequence DB 7610/13.

A complete set of the Holst "Planets" suite. An excellent new version, superlatively recorded and performed by the BBC. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus is to be had on HMV DB 6227/8, DBS 6229, and DB 6230/3. Sir Adrian Boult conducts.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 1 "Winter Daydreams." It is performed for the first time on records by the Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jacques Rachmilovich in Symphonic Records set SR 102.

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Letters to the *Recordings* Editor

Pro *Recordings*

SIR: Your new section on music is very, very welcome. It is specially good to see serious and sensible criticism on jazz, which is certainly with us whether we like it or not. Thanks for giving Dizzy Gillespie credit for being something other than slightly mad. . . . In fact, thanks for the whole section."

JEAN H. STEWART.

Plymouth, N. H.

SIR: I'm delighted with *Recordings* —and feel very grateful to you for such excellent and valuable aid to us record-buyers.

(MRS.) LORING MERWIN.

Bloomington, Ill.

SIR: The new *SRL* supplement is fine. I particularly liked Kolodin's record reviews, the article by Virgil Thompson and the punch-uated paragraphs of Oscar Levant. I don't know whose idea it was to include the latter in your venture, but I'm grateful to whoever it was. I'll be looking forward to the next issue.

(MISS) D. SARGENT.

Hartford, Conn.

Levant and Thomson

SIR: I think that *Recordings* is about the finest feature that the *Saturday Review* could inaugurate. I am most interested in the actual performance of music, but since I cannot go to all the concerts I would like, I try to buy a few records by my favorite musicians. I have learned in Mr. Levant's column of Mr. Horowitz's forthcoming album "Pictures at an Exhibition." Could the feature have an occasional article on the concert world? I hope that Mr. Thomson will write regularly for *Recordings*.

BARBARA WILLIAMS.

Racine, Wis.

Dear Mr. Anthony

SIR: Taking advantage of the new department in *SRL* on recordings, I would like your recommendation in this situation. We recently bought a combined radio-phonograph and are now anxious to develop a good record collection. To date we have bought three albums—"Student Prince," "Pinafore," and "Great Gildersleeve" stories for children. We have three youngsters aged 2½, 4 and 5. As next purchases we have thought of "Show Boat," an opera which possibly will be "Faust," some of Stephen Foster and Strauss waltzes. But what would you recommend as a basic collection of records for an average middle-class family? We are definitely not interested in boop-a-doop.

RICHARD JAMES HURLEY.

Department of Library Science,
University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nothing wrong with your next choices, though the new Columbia "Hansel and Gretel" might be more to the youngster's taste than "Faust." Addendawise, you might consider a Tchaikovsky or two: "Nutcracker Suite" or "Swan Lake," Dvorak's "New World," Chabrier's "Espana" Rhapsody, Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the Haydn "Surprise" (a new version by Koussevitzky is on the way), Dorothy Kirsten's Victor Herbert album as counterpart to the G & S. Incidentally, boop-a-doop is now a collector's item, worth real money where found.*

SIR: Congratulations to you on a fine piece of clear and direct writing! The editorial in the new record supplement of the *SRL* is splendid. It goes right to the essential point, which of course, is that the law should recognize copyright in a record as in a published book. Something, perhaps, on the lines of the Performing Rights Society in England.

E. POWER BIGGS.

Cambridge, Mass.

Going Up?

SIR: Please Note—
"Because a maximum of only 250 records can be pressed from a master to meet the exacting standards of the Society . . . the membership must be severely limited. Quantity is sacrificed at the altar of quality . . . we would want it no other way. . . . There can never be more than 2000 albums available."

(Prospectus 1st series, 1946-1947 season, Concert Hall Society, Inc.)

". . . we will not sacrifice quality to quantity. . . . We will accept only 3,000 subscriptions to the Second Annual Series of Limited Editions Recordings. There can be no more."

(Prospectus, 2nd Series, 1947-48 season, Concert Hall Society, Inc.)

G. L. KACKLEY.

Washington, D. C.

Department of Addition

SIR: *Vide* "Impressions" issue for August 30, 1947. Please be advised that you cannot fool a Centennial boy. I was born the same year Colorado was admitted as a state.

The anniversary of Edison's first recording is not LX, but LXX. Please so state in next issue with appropriate credit.

CHAS. MCCULP.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is so stated, and with the additional notation that Mr. McCulp is a CPA. We are ordering a new adding machine, and advising all West Coast correspondents that Mr. McCulp can be trusted with their figure work.*

Canby to Kolodin

SIR: Let me congratulate you on your issue of August 30. A fairly constant record-buyer, I am ever avid for criticism that is informed and discerning. The writings of Edward Tatnall Canby originally attracted me to your magazine. Its general excellence has made me a steady reader who looks forward expectantly to each issue.

The addition of a monthly record section under the editorship of Irving Kolodin is a good step. My record collection has been built, to a large degree, according to the recommendations in his "Guide to Recorded Music."

CHARLES A. MULLER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As noted in the introductory issue of* RECORDINGS, *Mr. Canby's column will continue to appear each week in the* SRL. *He will also be a contributor to* RECORDINGS, *as he has been in the two issues to date* *(see page 53)*.

(Answers from Quiz on page 47)

1. Duet from "Mme. Butterfly"—Farrar to Caruso.
2. Dorsey (T.) record of "East of the Sun"—the band to Bunny Berigan.
3. Chopin mazurka—De Pachmann to himself.
4. "A Monday Date"—Louis Armstrong to Earl Hines.
5. Berlioz's "Dance of the Sylphs" —Sir Thomas Beecham to the orchestra, at the end of the record.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

HOWARD HANSON is the American composer-conductor, and director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES O'CONNELL, former recording director for Victor's Red Seal records, is author of "The Other Side of the Record" (Knopf).

BERNARD HERRMANN won an Academy Award for his "Devil and Daniel Webster" music, and scored such films as "Citizen Kane," "Anna and the King of Siam," "Hangover Square," and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir." He also conducts the CBS Symphony.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK is the author of "Handel," and "The Opera."

ROBERT LAWRENCE, formerly of the *New York Herald Tribune* music staff, has conducted opera in the United States, Canada, and Italy, and is often heard on the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts' "Forum."

HARRIET VAN HORNE is radio editor of the *New York World-Telegram.*

HERBERT MENGES is music director of the Old Vic, and conducts the Southern Philharmonic, one of England's famous touring orchestras.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BOSTON (*Charles W. Homeyer*)	Near You (B)	Park Ave. Hillbillie (C)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne (C)
CHICAGO (*Hudson Ross Inc.*)	Smoke (Cap)	Jolson Vol. 2 (D)	Jalousie (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's Inc.*)	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Jolson Vol. 2 (D)	Polonnaise (V)	Schubert No. 9 (C)
DALLAS (*A. Harris and Co.*)	Peg O' My Heart (V)	Three Suns (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rachmaninoff No. 2 (V)
DETROIT (*Doubleday Shop*)	Feudin' and Fightin' (C)	Jolson Vol. 2 (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Khatchaturian Concerto (EDA)
(*Grinnell Bros.*)	Near You (B)	Jolson Vol. 2 (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rachmaninoff No. 2 (V)
KANSAS CITY, MO. (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Miller Album (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Nutcracker (V)
LOS ANGELES (*G. Schirmer Co.*)	Whiffenpoof (D)	Park Ave. Hillbillie (C)	Faithfully Yours (V)	Gayne (C)
MIAMI (*Associated Stores*)	Near You (B)	Prom Date (V)	Herr Kavilier (V)	Appassionata (V)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Shops*)	Come to the Mardi Gras (C)	Dietrich (VOX)	La Perichole (D)	Henry V (V)
(*Dynamic*)	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Holiday for Strings (MGM)	Roman Carnival (EDA)	Bach Arias (C)
(*Haynes-Griffin*)	Peg O' My Heart (Vita)	Jolson Vol. 2 (D)	Eugen Onegin (V)	Rachmaninoff Bell Symphony (DISC)
(*Heins and Bolet*)	Whiffenpoof (D)	Jolson Vol. 2 (D)	Un Bel di (C)	Gayne (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Smoke (Cap)	Park Ave. Hillbillie (C)	Bachianas Brasilieras (C)	Gayne (C)
OMAHA (*Lyon and Healy*)	Peg O' My Heart (V)	Park Ave. Hillbillie (C)	Paganini Var. (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
PHILADELPHIA (*H. Royer Smith*)	Near You (B)	Miller Album (V)	Marche Slav (EDA)	Daphnis et Chloe (EDA)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*Sherman Clay and Co.*)	Lady from 29 Palms (V)	Jolson Vol. 2 (D)	Paganini Var. (V)	Traviata (C)
ROCHESTER (*Esler's*)	Whiffenpoof (D)	Park Ave. Hillbillie (C)	Paganini Var.(V)	Manhattan Tower (D)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Shop*)	Feudin' and Fightin'	Park Ave. Hillbillie (C)	Allegro Appassionata (V)	Henry V (V)

Key: B—Bullet C—Columbia Cap.—Capitol D—Decca DISC EDA—English Decca MGM V—Victor Vita—Vitacoustic VOX

Leaders: A new label, a new tune and a new artist challenge "Peg O' My Heart" as the best-selling popular record this month: all represented on Bullet 1001, with "Near You," sung by Francis Craig. It was reported by four stores, as was the Vitacoustic "Peg." The second Jolson album and Dorothy Shay's "Park Ave. Hillbillie" continue to lead among popular albums, with seven stores and six noting them, respectively. Jose Iturbi's "Clair de Lune" continues as leader of the classical single records, with four stores reporting it as "best seller"; and the Rachmaninoff Second Piano Concerto with three stores, gave ground slightly to Khatchaturian's "Gayne" ballet, the nomination of four.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count two extra words for Box and Number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

RECORD MART

CONCERT HALL SOCIETY ALBUM, mint condition; only one of each; for sale by subscriber, Telephone PLaza 8-2884. N.Y.C. Box R36.

WHAT OFFER BOB HOPE and Shirley Ross singing "Two Sleepy People"? Box R16.

HAVE YOU BEEN LOOKING for Libby Holman "Can't We Be Friends?" Have it for sale. Offers invited. Box R17.

HAVE BROKEN MY RECORD Teddy Wilson "Coquette" (Brunswick 7943.) Would pay reasonable price or make exchange. Box R18.

WANTED from fellow collectors Boninsegna (Victor), Supervia Spanish Songs (Odeon). Box R34.

HIGH-FIDELITY JEWEL NEEDLES (Hand Made). Best you have ever heard, or prompt refund. $5.00. Stuart D. Noble, Gem Cutter, Box 2150, Hollywood 28, California.

SELL, EXCHANGE: JENSEN A-12-PM speaker, Brush PI-20 pickup, Mozart Requiem, Harris Symphony 1933; like new. Want: Outlaw Ballads, Operas, etc., Box R35.

WANTED: The Whiffenpoof Song, the original by Rudy Vallee and Connecticut Yankees. Good condition. Box R-37.

DOES HILDEGARDE'S "DARLING, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup" interest you? Will exchange for her "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off." Box R19.

WHO HAS FAT'S WALLER'S "Thou Swell"? Either original or reissue considered, provided condition is good. Box R20.

COLLECTING "RIVER BOAT SHUFFLE" discs? Have Isham Jones in good condition for Bix Beiderbecke same piece in playable condition. Box R21.

ORIGINAL MEMPHIS FIVE version of "Meanest Blues" for sale. Label is perfect, condition fair. Box R22.

JAZZ STUDENTS TAKE NOTE! I have large number of French publication "Le Jazz Hot," pre-war period. What records will you give in exchange? Box R27.

WILL PAY PREMIUM first edition Kolodin "Guide to Recorded Music." Must be fresh, unused copy. Box R28.

WANT TO KNOW when your Victor disc, pre-war, was issued? Information confidentially supplied, 25¢ per record. Box R29.

WHO HAS JAMES JOYCE "Anna Livia Plurabelle"? Want it in mint condition. Box R30.

TIRED OF ADVERTISING for first volume Hugo Wolf Society, but willing to try again. Prefer to pay on installment plan. Box R31.

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